THE NAPANEE EXPRESS

Vol. LXVII No 7 — E. J. POLLARD, Editor and Proprietor. $1.50 per year in advance

NAPANEE, ONTARIO, CANADA—TUESDAY, ANUARY 10th, 1928.

Historical Society

You may not be able to get "SALADA" Orange Pekoe Blend in every store, but most good grocers sell it. A great many people do not realize that such a tea is on the market—"SALADA" is much the finest Orange Pekoe Blend you can buy.

"SALADA" ORANGE PEKOE BLEND TEA

288

INSURANCE

For Fire Insurance try ALFRED McCUTCHEON, Roblin.

A number of companies to choose from.

Office: Residence, Roblin, Main Street. 27-tf

DECORATING

Interior and Exterior Decorating, Paper Hanging and Graining.

FRED RUSSELL

'Phone 406. East Street.

DOXSEE & CO.

Millinery Special

BEGINNING ON

THURSDAY, JANUARY 5TH

40 very smart HATS in all shades, including Black. Regular prices $5.90 and $6.90

SALE PRICE $1.98

B I TEX HOSIERY

In Black, Sand, Gran and Grey. Regular $2.50 a pair

TO CLEAR $1.50

WOMEN'S CASHMERE STOCKINGS

In Sand, Grey and Black. Regular $1.25 a pair

TO CLEAR 89c.

SILK AND WOOL STOCKINGS

Colors Sand, Grain and Grey. Regular $1.25 a pair

On Sale 79c.

The Leading Millinery House

January Bargains

Clothing, Hats, Caps, Boots and Shoes and Rubbers, and everything to tog a man or boy from head to foot at Reduced Prices during the month of January.

$5.00 Off Ordered Suits and Overcoats

W.W.ADAMS

Merchant Tailor. Men's and Boys' Wear

Newburgh, - Ont.

MORTGAGE SALE.

Under and by virtue of the power contained in a certain mortgage, which will be produced at the time of sale, there will be offered for sale by Public Auction, subject to a reserve bid, on SATURDAY, JAN. 14th, 1928, at the hour of 2 o'clock in the afternoon, at the office of T. B. German, 60 John street, Napanee, the following property, namely:

All and singular those certain parcels or tracts of land and premises situate, lying and being in the Township of Fredericksburgh, in the County of Lennox and Addington, and Province of Ontario, and being composed of the north half of all that part of the east half of lot number twenty-one (21) in the Fourth Concession of the said Township of Fredericksburgh, lying south of the travelled road crossing said lot, containing forty acres more or less.

Second: The south half of all that part of the east half of lot number twenty-one (21) in the fourth concession of the said Township of Fredericksburgh, which lies south of the travelled road crossing said lot containing by admeasurement forty-two acres be the same more or less.

The above is a desirable farm property situated in a good locality, within a distance of about five (5) miles from Napanee and within a short distance of what is known as the Hamburgh road.

The property will be offered subject to conditions of sale, which will be produced at the time of sale.

Terms of Sale :10 per cent. of the purchase money to be paid down at the time of sale and the balance to be paid within 10 days thereafter.

For further particulars and conditions of sale apply to T. B. German, Esq., Barrister-at-Law, Napanee, Ontario.

T. B. GERMAN,
Solicitor for the Mortgagee.

Surveying and Engineering

T. H. WIGGINS, O.L.S.

Ontario Land Surveyor. Municipal Engineering. Drainage Engineering. Subdivisions, Plans, Etc.

NAPANEE, ONT.

John Street, South of Paisley House.

'Phone 385. 15tf Box 139

THREE HOUSES TO RENT—Apply at KIMMERLY'S GROCERY 50

STORE TO RENT—In Oddfellows' block (formerly Harshaw block) newly decorated, new front. Possession January 1st, 1928. Apply E. J. POLLARD.

ALWAYS a number of farms and houses in town for sale. Owners may also list property for sale at low terms. No sale, no charge. T. B. GERMAN, Barrister, Napanee, Ont. 6-tf

SALE OF USED CARS—Some nearly new. Closed cars at great bargain prices. Come in and see them before you buy elsewere. You can surely save money. At CARD'S GARAGE. 37-tf

HOUSE FOR SALE—The home of the late Mrs. Florence Casey Ostrom, frame, good repair, electric light, water service, full lot, good garden soil, Piety Hill, Napanee. Apply to U. M. WILSON, Napanee, Solicitor for the Vendor. 48-tf

AGENTS WANTED—Either sex. $75 weekly easy selling PALCO CLEANERS, WASHO, POLISHRITE. Cleans everything right. Removes Road Tar without injury to paint. Sells on demonstration. Samples free. P. A. LEFEBVRE & Co., Alexandria, Ont.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Persons having claims against the estate of Ralph Lawrence, late of the Village of Newburgh, in the County of Lennox and Addington, gentleman, deceased, are required to send particulars and proofs thereof to the undersigned solicitor for said estate, before the tenth day of February, A.D. 1928, after which date the assets will be distributed to the parties entitled thereto, pursuant to the provisions of section 56 of Chapter 121 R.S.O. 1914.

J. M. SIMPSON,
Solicitor for said Estate. 7-d

THE COUNTY COUNCIL

of Lennox and Addington, pursuant to Statute, will meet at the Council Chamber, in the Court House, NAPANEE, on

TUESDAY, JANUARY 24th, 1928 at 2 p.m.

All accounts must be in the hands of the undersigned not later than Wednesday, Jan. 25th, in order that they may be considered.

W. G. WILSON,
County Clerk.

Dated January 9th, 1928. 7-b

SELBY.

School opened on Tuesday last, with Miss Frisken as Teacher.

Mr. S. Lewis passed away on Tuesday after a brief illness.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Denison, of Toronto, spent New Year's at D. Pitcairn's.

We are glad to say that Rev. Batstone is able to be around again after his accident.

Mrs. Abbott has returned home after spending a week with friends at Empey Hill.

Miss Gladys Rikley, of Toronto, spent the holidays at her home here.

VanLuven & Wartman

A New Firm—Not New Men nor a New Business

H. L. VanLuven, of Napanee, and Ward R. Wartman, of Newburgh, will occupy the store now occupied by Mr. Oliver on Dundas St., as soon after February the 1st as necessary improvements can be completed, and are prepared to tender prompt, courteous, and efficient Funeral Service.

Mr. VanLuven will continue to promote the sale of High Grade Pianos.

Mr. Wartman has been serving the people of Newburgh for some time, and this service will be continued.

TOWN COUNNCIL

Council Chamber,
Napanee, Jan. 9th, 1928.

Council met in inaugural session on Monday morning, Mayor Roy presiding.

Town Clerk Grange announced the election of the new Council, took their oath of office and installed Mayor Roy in the chair.

The following committees were appointed for the year in committee of the whole.

Finance—Simpson, Daly and Loucks.

Streets—Kimmerly, Tustin and Boyes.

Fire and Water—Ungar, Simpson, Kimmerly.

Light and Social Welfare—Loucks, Ungar, Kimmerly.

Town Property—Daly, Boyes, Tustin.

Printing and By-laws Parks—Boyes, Loucks, Daly.

Market and Police — Tustin, Ungar, Simpson.

Court of Revision — Mayor, Reeve and Finance Committe, Simpson, Daly, Loucks.

Council adjourned until 7.30 p.m.

EVENING SESSION.

Council met at 7.30 p.m., as per adjournment, Mayor E. J. Roy presiding.

Present — Reeve Boyes and Councillors Simpson, Daly, Kimmerly, Loucks, Ungar and Tustin.

At the request of Mayor Roy, Rev. Dumbrille opened the proceedings of the 1928 council with prayer.

The business of the evening opened by the Clerk's reading of Mayor Roy's inaugural address, a copy of which appears in another column of this issue.

A deputation of the carting fraternity appeared before the council. They made complaint that some people were coming carting within the town limits without a license. There is also some trouble in connection with their stand in the Campbell House yards.

The trouble was referred to the Market and Police Committee to investigate and report.

Coun. Tustin, chairman of the Market and Police Committee presented the following report for the Chief Constable:

REPORT OF THE CHIEF CONSTABLE OF THE TOWN OF NAPANEE FOR THE YEAR ENDING DECEMBER 31st, 1927.

To the Mayor and Members of the Town Council of the Corporation of the Town of Napanee

Gentlemen :—

I herewith present the report of the Police Department for the past year, and in doing so would like to make a few recommendations, or rather suggestions, with reference to the matters coming under the jurisdiction of this Department. The first is :

That all the revenue producing By-Laws such as The Streets By-law, Transient Traders By-law, Hawkers and Peddlers By-law, Dog By-law, Livery By-law, Carters By-law, Pool room By-law and the Traffic By-law be consolidated and printed in book borm, so that they may be available for use, in order to do this it may be necessary to pass new By-laws to replace the old ones in some cases, as there are some of them that I have not got, due to the fact that I loaned them to the late G. F. Ruttan, K.C., Police Magistrate, so that copies might be made for use in his office, and they cannot now be found. The original By-laws apparently also are missing, so that effective enforcement cannot be made until this situation is remedied.

I would also call the attention of the Council to the provisions of the Traffic By-law, which calls for suitable signs to be erected in respect to the parking of cars. This matter has been delayed previously and apparently up to the present no attempt has been made to secure these signs.

I would suggest that enamelled signs with the words, SATURDAY NIGHT PARKING, 6 to 12 p.m., 15 minutes, be procured and erected on Dundas Street, where they could be seen by automobile drivers, in fact, according to Section 21 of, the Traffic By-law none of the provisions as to the parking of cars are effective until this is done.

The matter of providing a stand for the carters will have to be dealt with again this year, as the proprietor of the yard where they now stand has notified me that he wants them removed as soon as possible.

Referring again to the matter of Traffic Control, which constitutes the major portion of our duties during the summer and fall months, some means evidently must be found to curb and reduce to a minimum the speeding and careless driving, especially on Dundas street. It is practically impossible to do this without more motor equipment. To stand on a corner and watch them go by, without a chance to get the number is of no use. I call the attention of the Council to the fact that this Department is using the same means of enforcing the law, as was prevalent thirty or forty years ago, when there was no traffic problems. We have the same difficulties to contend with as the larger centres, only on a smaller scale, but as yet we have no means to meet them with. I would direct your attention to the toll of accidents, nearly all of them contributed to by motor vehicles on our streets I am glad to say that the most of them were of a minor nature, but in some, serious injury and death resulted.

Apart from these accidents, the Town has been singularly free from any serious crime, but offences dealt with were more or less of a petty nature, and the proceedings of the 1928 council with prayer.

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Apart from these accidents, the Town has been singularly free from any serious crime, but offences dealt with were more or less of a petty nature, and the most of them were committed by persons from out of Town.

The tabulated report attached hereto, is, as far as possible, the work of the Chief, except that it is impossible to record the innumerable telephone calls, inquiries, etc., that are responded to in connection with our duties, time, which are too numerous to accurately record.

In conclusion I would again press the attention of the Council to the matters mentioned previously, and earnestly hope that some action may be taken along the lines suggested.

Number of arrests	61
Arrested for other Departments	1
Arrested and allowed to go after investigation	12
Police Court cases	87
Convictions	82
Dismissed	1
Withdrawn on payment of costs	2

Cases made up as follows :

Theft	9
Assault	3
Shop-breaking	6
Vagrancy	3
Fraud	1
Liquor Traffic Act	9
Town By-laws	3
Disorderly conduct	15
Liquor Control Act	1
Driving auto, intoxicated	2
Criminal negligence	1
Arson	1
Wife desertion	1
House breaking	4
Cruelty to Animals	1
Bigamy	1
Trespass	2
Pointing dangerous weapon	1
Industrial School Act	2
Children's Protection Act	7
Number of sumons served, including those served for other departments	230
Complaints investigated	355
Communications received	355
Communications sent out	465
Transients given protection in cells	367
Doors in business builudings found unfastened at night	148
Calls to accidents	41
Calls to fires	6
Lost and stolen property recovered, including three autos, bicycles, money and miscellaneous articles	$3127.00
Fines and Fees	305.00
Licenses	997.65
Arrests	4
Persons taken to outside Institutions	9

The amount of time, energy, consideration, etc., expended upon the preparation of the case, the presentation and the successful bringing them before the Courts, is something that cannot be put down in cold figures, therefore I conclude this report, wishing the Council of 1928 a fruitful year and one that can be looked back upon with satisfaction.

All of which is respectfully submitted.

Your obedient servant,
F. W. BARRETT,
Chief Constable.

Some complimentary remarks were made by some of the members of council, on the the above report which was referred back to the Market and Police Committee to confer with other committees in reference to suggestions made in the report.

Some discussion took place as to the advisability of having the town employees come under the provisions of the Workmen's Compensation Act. The discussion had its foundation in the fact that last summer an old employee of the town received serious injury while at work on Dundas street.

Moved by Coun. Boyes, seconded by Coun. Loucks, that the Finance Committee investigate the question of having all town employees come under the provision of the Ontario Workmen's Compensation Act. Carried.

BY-LAWS.

The following by-laws were introduced, given their several readings and finally passed :

Intrim appropriations to the several committees :—

Streets committee	$5000 00
Fire and Water	2500 00
Social Welfare & Light	2500 00
Printing, By-laws, Parks	1000.00
Town Property	1500 00
Police and Market	2000 00
Contingent	1000 00

Appointing A. E. Cook, Sanitary Inspector, at a salary of $100.00.

Appointing J. M. Thomson a member of the Board of Education for a term of three years.

Appointing Dr. D. R. Hall a member of the Board of Health.

Fixing the assessment for the year 1928. The assessment made in 1927 shall be taken and adopted and form the basis upon which the levy of taxes shall be made for the year 1928.

Appointing Mayor Roy, Reeve Boyes and Councillors Simpson, Daly, Loucks members of the Court of Revision for the year 1928.

Appointing W. S. Herrington as Town Solicitor for the year 1928, at a salary of $100.

Appointing W. S. Wilson and W. P. McLaughlin as auditors for the year 1928, at a salary of $60.00 each.

Mr. Wm. Maracle made application for the position of caretaker of the Disposal Works.

Moved by Coun. Kimmerly, seconded by Coun. Ungar, that Wm. Maracle be employed as caretaker of the Disposal Works, at a salary of $200 per year, employment to begin as of January 1st. Carried.

The question of opening up the town quarry for the crushing of the necessary stone for the use of the town during 1928, was referred to the Streets Committee with power to act.

ACCOUNTS.

The following accounts were ordered paid :

D. B. Wilson	$ 1 20
C.N.R. Telegraph Co	66
C. I. Maybee	16 23
C. I. Maybee	8 50
W. S. Wilson	16 45
Davy & Allison	1 60
Davy & Allison	1 89
Thompson's Grocery	75
Thompson's Grocery	12 20
H. J. Brown	31 20

The following accounts were referred to committees with power to act as E. VanLuven, $26.40; Town Property; P. Gleeson, 822.40, Town Property; A. E. Paul, $48.00, Printing and By-laws; The Yokes Hardware Co., $113.00, and Robt. Light, $589.43, Town Property; Bell Telephone Co. and Hydro Electric Commission accounts to Clerk.

ADOLPHUSTOWN.

At the annual meeting of the U. E. L. Butter and Cheese Company it was reported that 3,428.385 pounds of milk were manufactured during the season, for which $58,832.3 was received. The president, salesman and directors were all re-elected and Mr. W. A. Humphrey, who has managed the factory successfully in past years, reengaged for next season.

The Ladies Aid held a well attended meeting at the home of Mrs. Wilkie Cousins on Thursday afternoon and elected their officers for 1928. Mrs. Hattie Magee was elected president, Mrs. George Ruttan vice-president, Mrs. F. B. Mosier, secretary and Mrs. D. W. Roblin, treasurer.

Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Roblin will spend the winter in Napanee.

Cross Cut Saws and Axes.

Also circular wood cutting saws, 30 inches in diameter.

WILSON'S HARDWARE.

YARKER.

Mr. Calvin Lee attained his 93rd birthday on January 4th, 1928. His family and relatives gathered at his farm house near Yarker on this 93rd birthday. There were also present two of his brothers, Jesse Lee and Chas. Lee; Mrs. Chas. Lee, Mrs. Z. Lee, of Kingston, Harrion Lee, Mr. P. Henshaw, Mrs. William John Warner, Mr. and Mrs. John Janes, and Manson Lee and wife. The re-union was very pleasant to all.

Miss Francis Brown, of Richmond, is visiting here at Mr. J. Warner's.

Mr. A. M. Gillespie, of the Bank of Montreal, Toronto, is in temporary charge of the bank here during the absence of Mr. W. A. Reid, manager, who left on January 5th, for two months' vacation in Florida.

ODESSA.

The Township Council was elected by acclamation : Andrew Miller, reeve ; Frank Smith, deputy-reeve ; and D. O. Frink, John Kenny and D. F. Aylesworth, councillors.

At the annual school meeting, held in the school rooms, Stanley Sarnow was appointed instead of the retiring trustee, Norman Snider. He, with Nelson Smith and Owen Cairns now form the school board.

Miss Jean Field has returned to her home here from Toronto where she spent a week with Dr. and Mrs. J. E. Mabee.

Mrs. W. Wilson, who was called home on account of her brother's funeral, the late T. C. Graham, and who has been visiting relatives and friends for about a month, has returned to her home in Watertown, N.Y.

Mr. and Mrs. Ross Jones and son Donald, and Miss Beryl Jones, Kingston, spent New Year's with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Jones.

Albert Judge, of Hamilton, spent his holidays with his mother, Mrs. Jas. Judge.

Miss Ethel Rooney of Belleville, is the guest of Miss Elwell Emmons.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Topliff visited Mr. and Mrs. Eddie Wemp at Bath on Monday last.

Mrs. C. Timmerman has returned home after spending the holidays with her daughter, Mrs. (Dr.) H. E. Day, Kingston.

Mr. J. H. Babcock, of the electric plant, has installed a light at the corner of Main and Centre streets and it is such an improvement that all are hoping that the new council may see that each corner may be lighted in the same manner.

Poultry Wanted.

Highest cash prices paid for live poultry. Try us for satisfaction.

THE M. B. MILLS CO.

MAYOR E. J. ROY'S INAUGURAL ADDRESS

PRESENTED TO NEW COUNCIL ON MONDAY NIGHT.

To the Reeve and Councillors for 1928 I extend my heartiest greetings :

I am pleased very much to again be with you for another year, although I had planned otherwise, but I found it impossible to resist what I might term the insistence of a great many prominent citizens that I again take the chief magistrate's chair, especially as there are two important work yet unfinished, the first being the Town Hall alterations and improvements, which I am sure will be carried out in a very satisfactory manner. The plans and specifications should be in the hands of the Town Property Committee at once so they can go over them, making any alterations necessary, so when the contract is let there will be as few changes as possible. Tenders should be advertised for and everything made ready so that building can be commenced early in the Spring. The second is the much needed change and improvement in our street lighting system, a start on which I hope may be made at once so when the automobile traffic east and west starts it will be in shape.

With these questions settled we should have a very successful and economical year. I would advise the council to go slow with any expenditures outside those actually necessary.

As all present time our town is in excellent condition, financially and otherwise. Our streets appropriation should be cut down considerably this year, owing to the paving done last year. The unforseen expenditures should be very small. The fire hall should be completely done over. A lot of the trash which is now stored there should be disposed of, and the hall walls and ceiling replastered t make the place look like a fire hall ,not a storage barn.

It would be possible the county will surface the Selby road into the town limits. If so, the Council should see if the county will put down their twenty foot strip and connect to the town's pavement on Centre street, and also the necessary extra width the town will pay for.

Does this Council really recognize the importance of our Annual Turkey Fair ? I heard an authority state the fact that Napanee Turkey Fair marketed 170 tons, while the three highest fairs put together marketed 130 tons last year. I am sure traffic arrangements could be much better of the police were given authority to look after it in time and not let the streets get blocked.

The automobile traffic has increased by leaps and bounds (and pedestrians escape the same way) and the traffic law should be enforced more rigidly, especially as to speed through our main street. I would suggest a sign be placed at our East and West entrances to the town, stating that any infraction of the twenty-mile speed limit will not be tolerated. I would also suggest that a centre hanging Stop-and Go automobile electric sign be placed at the intersection of John and Dundas streets This would in a great measure stop any trouble at this point and relieve the traffic officers for other points.

The tourist trade also should be encouraged by every means in our power. Other towns are doing their best to have tourists stop over with them and we should do the same. To do this our town should present an inviting appearance by clean streets, attractive stores, good campground facilities, information bureau and last but not least, courtesy and friendliness. In other words, make them feel at home so they will want to come back and also send others, all of which means that they will spend their money here. I think that a creditable piece of advertising should be handed to every tourist who stays in our tourist camp and a publicity should be kept in the principal stores to be handed to tourists. I am sure the Board of Commerce would be glad to help in this work.

I wish to take this opportunity to thank the officials for their accurate and complete reports of the Council Meetings. The Council and myself appreciate this very much.

It is at this time more than ever we appreciate the value of old associations and old friendships, and my thoughts quite naturally turn to those with whom I have been pleasantly associated during the past year. May the new year be the happiest and most prosperous you have ever known.

Yours respectfully,
ED. J. ROY, Mayor.

STELLA.

The members of Quinte Lodge, L.O.B.A., held a very successful dance and euchre in Victoria Hall. It was well patronized and lunch was served at 11 p.m. by the ladies of the association. The receipts totalled about $50.

Dr. H. S. Northmore, Bath, was a recent caller on the island.

Capt. and Mrs. Joseph Saunders left on Monday last for an extended trip to Florida. En-route they will visit Washington and other American cities.

Miss Anna Neilson has returned to Hawkesbury after spending the vacation here.

Miss Kate Drumgoole, of Rochester, N.Y., is spending a short holiday with her parents at Emerald.

WILTON.

School is in full swing again after the Christmas holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. T. Babcock and Mrs. Percy Shibley were recent guests of Mr. and Mrs. Archie Simmons.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Babcock gave a party on Tuesday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Stinson Carr entertained on Tuesday evening.

The Ladies Aid met at the home of Mrs. John Carr on Wednesday afternoon. A large crowd was present, in spite of the snowy weather. A very dainty lunch was served by the hostess.

The Y.P.S. held its weekly meeting at the home of Mrs. J. W. Babcock. A good number were present, both old and young. The recreation hour was much enjoyed.

All are glad to hear Mr. Wm. Babcock is able to be around.

Mr. J. E. Miller is on the sick list.

Mr. Harold Brown has returned to Kingston to resume his studies at Business College.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Boulton have returned after visiting their son, Mr. Erwell Boulton.

NEWBURGH.

The first monthly meeting of the W.M.S. of the United Church was held at the home of Mrs. Wesley Vrooman, Camden East Road. Despite the stormy weather, a large crowd of ladies were present. Mrs. (Rev.) T. H. P. Anderson, the president, conducted the meeting in a very capable manner. At the conclusion of the business Mrs. Gerow, assisted by Mrs. Percy Gerow served a very dainty lunch, which was enjoyed by all. Mrs. T. A. Dunwoody moved a motion, seconded by Rev. Mr. Anderson, thanking Mrs. Gerow for her hospitality.

Mrs. Pike, Deseronto, spent a few days recently with her mother Mrs. Fred Perry.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Warren spent Sunday last at Mrs. Quaff's.

Mrs. Hill spent New Year's with her sister, Mrs. Switzer, at Switzerville.

Mrs. G. I. Perry is spending some time with her sister, Mrs. Johnson.

Mrs. S. Hanes is visiting her sister, Mrs. Orr, Kingston.

Mrs. Vandewalker and daughter, Ethel, spent Monday last in Kingston.

Shirley Lewis passed away at his home near Selby on Monday last, after a few days' illness of pneumonia. A brother, Gasper Lewis, resides here and his father, Mr. Benjamin Lewis resides a few miles north of Newburgh. The funeral was held at Napanee on Wednesday morning.

Chas. Carter has returned from a visit to friends in Brier Hill, N. Y.

Ward Wartman and Harry L. VanLuven have entered partnership in the undertaking business. Mr. Wartman will make his home and show rooms in Newburgh, while Mr. VanLuven will have a show room in Napanee.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Thompson Kingston, visited Mr. and Mrs. Charles Carter, recently.

Mr. McFarlane has his saw mill in position ready for the logs. A little snow would make the hauling of the logs easier.

Mr. and Mrs. John Wartman entertained a number of their friends on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings.

S. O. S. Messages Which Our Feet Send Us.

The commonest of all foot ills, apart from corns and bunions, is that which is generally detected in its early stages by the way in which the shoes show wear. The inner side of the heel will be persistently trodden over, and the stiffening in the same place will similarly be pressed out over the heel, says a writer in Answers.

Feet thus threatened with a dropping arch will send timely warnings to their owners. The latter will notice a burning sensation in the soles, together with the heels, will become extremely tender, and the ankles turn and swell painfully.

They will also find that their feet have a knack of sliding forward in the shoes, to the discomfort of the toes, while callouses form on the ball of the foot under the big toe.

People have been known to have recourse to doctors and oculists, mistaking the fatigue for anaemia, and the pain in the back of the head and neck — one of the more advanced symptoms of flatfoot — for eye trouble.

The causes of flat-foot are various. It may come from too much standing or from a sudden increase in weight. Sometimes it is the legacy of influenza. But the seat of all trouble is the wearing of stockings which are too short or shoes that are unsuitable or short. Both these mistakes should be avoided.

A trouble which is more serious is known as Morton's toe. People so suffer constantly from cramp in the same foot, or pain in the ball of the base of the fourth toe and callouses on the middle of the foot should lose no time in visiting a doctor or foot specialist.

These symptoms are warnings they are always the precursors of Morton's toe. Probably the person has indulged in shoes with too pointed toes or over-high heels.

COMING :-: EVENTS

THE I. O. D. E. BUCHRE IN THE Town Hall, on Monday, Jan. 23rd.

A CHILD WELFARE CLINIC FOR the pre-school child is held each Thursday, from 2 to 4, in the Council Chamber, under the direction of the Victorian Order of Nurses. 46-tf

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SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

BY G. C. TRUMBULL,
(Editor of The Sunday School Times.)

JESUS AND SINNERS.

Sunday, Jan. 15—Mark 2 : 1-17

Golden Text—I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance. (Mark 2 : 17).

The moment we say "Saviour" we declare that there are sinners. If there were no sinners, there could be no Saviour. A Saviour must save, and it is from sin that the great and only Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ, is able to save. The human name that God, before His birth, directed should be given to Him proves this as "Thou shalt call His name Jesus : for He shall save His people from their sins" (Matt. 1 : 21).

In last week's lesson we found this Saviour dealing omnipotently and healingly with certain consequences of sin—physical sickness, and demon possession. No consequence of sin could stand before Him ; it was triumphantly conquered, done away with.

In this week's lesson the Lord goes even farther and deals, not with sin's consequences, but with sin itself. Who could attempt this but God Himself ? Can man deal with sin ?

The encounter of the Saviour with sin came unexpectedly, sensationally, dramatically. He was in a house in Capernaum, the place where He had so successfully healed multitudes of sick people that the whole city had turned out to shut him in. It is not strange, therefore, that as soon as people learned He was again in their midst they crowded together to see and hear Him. He was preaching "the word" to them, and there was not room for another listener, "no, not so much as about the door."

Then came the immortal four friends, carrying a helpless paralytic. "And when they could not come nigh unto Him for the press, they uncovered the roof where He was : and when they had broken it up they let down the bed wherein the sick of the palsy lay."

Because of the faith of the sick man's four friends, Christ was ready to do everything for them. We are told that it was "when Jesus saw their faith," not the sick man's faith. What a challenge and encouragement that is to us in prayer, as we pray for some loved one. God can reach one who has no consciousness of need if we pray through in faith, and faint not.

But the word that the Lord spoke was unexpected. He did not heal the man, he said : "Son, thy sins be forgiven thee." That is, He healed him spiritually, instead of physically. Which is the greater healing ?

The unbelieving and unfriendly scribes who were looking on knew the answer. At once, but silently in their hearts, they accused Christ of blasphemy. "Who can forgive sins but God only ?" they asked themselves.

They were right in their position that only God can forgive sin. Man cannot do it. And if this Jesus of Nazareth was only a man, then they were right in saying that He spoke blasphemy. Men try to prove today that Christ did not claim to be God ; but the Jews of His day knew that He did. That is why they accused Him of blasphemy. That is why they crucified Him.

The Lord discerned supernaturally what they were saying within themselves, and He asked them why. He gave them no opportunity to answer, but asked them another question : which was easier, to say to the sick of the palsy, Thy sins be forgiven thee ; or to say, Arise, take up thy bed and walk' ?

Again He gave no opportunity for reply, but He uttered the tremendous statement that He was now going to give a demonstration of the fact that He had power on earth to forgive sins ; and He commanded the helpless paralytic to arise, carry his bed and go to his house.

Instantly the man obeyed It was a stupendus double miracle. The man's body and spirit were foul and impotent with sin ; and then as hostile critics watched, his body became clean and powerful, his spirit whiter than snow, as "immediately he arose, took up the bed, and went forth before them all ; insomuch that they were all amazed."

But another significant word is added just here. Not only were they amazed, but they glorified God saying, We never saw it on this fashion." When God is being blasphemed, men do not glorify Him. Had "this man" spoken blasphemies ? Or had the Capernaum crowd seen God the Son glorify God the Father ?

A company of sinners is the ideal place for a Saviour. He would rather be with sinners than with anyone else, for there only can He fulfil the mission that is dearest to His heart. Why should any one be surprised, therefore, that Christ singled out a sinner, Levi the son of Alphaeus a publican or tax collector, doubtless a mercenary "grafter," and said to him, "Follow Me." Why should we be surprised, that many publicans and sinners sat also together with Jesus and His disciples ?

As the self-righteous people of that day noticed this, and condemned Christ for it, His answer was unanswerable : "They that are well have no need of the physician, but they that are sick. I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance."

If we are conscious of any sin in our lives, conscious of any weakness, conscious of any need, let us praise Gd. He gave His only begotten Son into the world to be raised again from the dead, that we might be saved. And He is "able to save to the uttermost."

Industrial Production In Ontario.

Among provincial manufacturing centres Toronto has a very wide lead in the value of industrial production, with 1,957 establishments in which a capital of $429,165,022 is invested, and which have a production value of $447,098,824. Toronto takes second place only to Montreal among the centres of manufacturing in Canada and ranks as the metropolis very largely in the matter of production value. Hamilton occupies second place with a production value of $122,305,950, there being again a very wide margin between its figure and that of the third provincial centre, Oshawa, with $47,529,284.

Completing the leading ten centres are: Ford City, $41,389,677; Kitchener, $38,012,401; Port Colborne, $33,527,147; London, $32,201,399; Ottawa, $31,203,494; Niagara Falls, $29,374,543, and Peterborough, $29,-058,140. There are fifteen other centres with an annual production value over $10,000,000 and twenty-nine with value of between $2,000,000 and $10,000,000.

STUDIED THE GORILLA.

Doctor Tells of Creatures' Habits —Harem Sleeps In Trees.

A visit to some colonies of gorillas, those giant, man-like apes, has just been recounted to the fellows of the London Zoological Society by Dr. N. A. Dyce Sharp of the Nigerian Medical Service.

Dr. Dyce Sharp brought 30 or 40 gorilla skulls back with him from the Kameruns, West Africa, but he had not taken the life of a single specimen. He found a tribe in the bush which regarded gorilla flesh as the greatest of dainties—better than chimpanzee meat, and he recovered the skulls from the tribal chief heaps.

To observe the habits of these wonderful beasts he constructed hiding places on the gorillas' own territory. The roar of the "old man" gorilla impressed him as "beating that of the lion hollow." He saw them in little family parties—an "old man," a harem of about three wives and sometimes young ones.

At sleeping time the male ape drove his wives into a tree, where they built a great nest for themselves. Then their lord, exhibiting enormous strength, tore down armfuls of branches and leaves, and made for himself a kind of two-foot deep spring mattress at the foot of the tree.

In spite of the almost cannibalistic taste of the local Africans, Dr. Dyce Sharp was able to report that in that area the gorilla did not seem to be vanishing.

PRIZES FOR BEST ESSAY

Canadian Coal will be the indirect cause of additional bank accounts for seven Ontario High School sudents, according to an announcement just made by the Provincial Committee, of Ontario.

With the approval of the Provincial Department of Education, the Produced-in Canada Committee is inaugurating an essay contest for students in Collegiate Institutes and High Schools throughout Ontario on the general topic of heating Canadian homes with Canadian coal. Students are asked to discuss the advisability of this in essays of from 1000 to 1500 words.

$600 will be divided between the writers of the seven best papers on "Why Canadian Homes Should be Heated with Canadian Coal," with the sum of $150 going to the winner of the first prize. The second to seventh prizes are as follows : $100, $75, $60, $50, $40 and $25.

An unique feature of the contest, according to the Committee's rules, is the decision to honor each school which boasts a prize winner by presenting to the school library a quantity of Canadian books, the titles to be chosen by the schools themselves.

The basic ideal underlying the contest, says the Committee in a letter to all High School principals, is the desirability of developing in the minds of the younger generation an appreciation of vital Canadian problems and of fostering the habit of studying and investigating them.

The Committee's announcement states that Canon H. J. Cody, former Minister of Education for Ontario ; Brig.-Gen. C. H. Mitchell, Dean of the Faculty of Applied Science, University of Toronto, ad Dr. A. H. U. Colquhoun, Deputy Minister of Education, have consented to act as judges.

The contest closes Thursday, March 1st, and announcement of the prize winners will be made as soon thereafter as possible.

HELIUM FROM THE AIR?

Unlimited Quantities of This Gas If Far-Up Strata Could Be Tapped.

Helium, the valuable safety gas so much in demand for filling balloons, may be obtainable in unlimited quantities from ordinary air. This optimistic suggestion comes from Dr. Frederick G. Cottrell of the Fixed Nitrogen Laboratory, one of the country's foremost experts in the chemistry of the atmosphere, says Science Service.

Unfortunately there is but one part of helium in 180,000 of common air. On the other hand there is a lot of air. Dr. Cottrell's hopes are based on the prospect of separation of air into its component gases in a large industrial way, whereby the oxygen in particular is to be more efficiently used in combustion. When this sort of wholesale air analysis is undertaken, the helium content of the atmosphere will unquestionably get attention.

It is estimated that some fifty million cubic feet of helium per year go through the blast furnaces of America, along with the enormous volume of air feeding the fires. If it could be saved this quantity of helium alone would revolutionize the airship industry.

Scientists prone to fancy have wished that one might pump down the thin air from the outside of the earth's atmosphere. At many miles distance above the earth's surface it is supposed that the atmosphere is largely hydrogen and helium, the two lightest gases known. From the standpoint of present-day engineering, however, the installation of a stand-pipe to tap these lighter zephyrs would present serious difficulties.

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ROBT. LIGHT.

44tf

Here and There

Edmonton.—Northern Alberta's biggest farm land deal this year was completed the other day when the well-known Trent Farm was sold to a colony of Mennonites for more than $128,000. The new owners eight families, will take possession on New Year's Day. The farm, which is in the Tofield district, has 2,641 acres.

Passengers on the "Empress of Australia" now touring the world had a memorable experience when they witnessed brilliant military manoeuvres near the Grand Pyramid initiated by King Fuad of Egypt in honor of the visit of King Amanullah of Afghanistan. Some of the passengers were subsequently received at King Fuad's court.

Toronto.—An optimistic note with regard to the market for Canadian bacon was struck by A. J. Mills, representative of the British Ministry of Food in conference with packers here. He expressed the conviction that Canadian farmers would be very greatly benefited by packers in hog production at the present time, stating that an improvement in the British market was in sight with many of the countries which had been flooding Britain with bacon during the past year being practically out of the business.

With around a thousand guests seated in the Ball Room, the Main Dining Room and the Jacques Cartier Room of the Chateau Frontenac, Quebec City, that famous hotel witnessed a remarkable scene on the occasion of the New Year's Eve festivities. Among the guests were the Governor of New Jersey and officials of the state, while important parties came up from New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Chicago and other cities of the United States.

A handsome New Year's gift to the people of Canada is indicated in the announcement of reduction of rates charged by Express Companies of the Dominion for shipment of packages up to 15 lbs. in weight and not over 3¼ feet in length, width or depth, which has been issued and filed with the Board of Railway Commissioner for Canada by C. N. Ham, Chairman, Express Traffic Association. The reduction went into effect January 1 and it includes a continuation, of the arrangement under which the Express Companies give protection against loss and damage up to $50 without extra charge on packages carried.

Toronto.—The Exhibition at Toronto and all the fairs on the continent last summer with an attendance of 1,780,000, according to a report by E. L. Richardson, of Calgary, President of the International Association of Fairs and Expositions. He states that fairs each year are becoming more popular and more successful, educationally and financially. More than 39,400,000 persons attended the 2,268 fairs in the United States and Canada this year, and attendance has, in fact, increased each year since 1910 by about 2,000,000. Investments in buildings and grounds is put at $250,000,000 and prizes each year amount to $8,400,000.

STEAM WELLS TO GIVE POWER.

Tests Made Show Reliable and Sufficient Pressure.

Steam wells, where the earth is tapped for natural heat as it is elsewhere for natural gas or oil, promises to deliver power in paying quantities and at the same time to yield data of value in the study of the ancient riddle of geysers, hot springs and fumaroles, says Science Service.

The first development of this kind in America, at "The Geysers" in California, has been given a thorough scientific examination by Dr. E. T. Allen and Dr. Arthur L. Day of the Carnegie Institution of Washington, and their report has just been made public.

The steam well region is in a little valley in the Coast Range, near San Francisco. There is abundant evidence that the region saw much volcanic activity in the past, and that steam rising through the earth, causing fumaroles and hot springs, is probably the product of deeply buried lava that has not yet cooled. The name "The Geysers," however, the Washington scientists state, is a misnomer, for there are no active geysers in the valley and no signs that there ever were any. Even the natural steam and hot water escapes are less marked than they are in many other similar regions.

Nevertheless there seems to be abundant steam at high temperatures and pressures when the borings are sunk. Eight wells have been put down so far to depths of between 200 and 650 feet. These develop steam pressures between 60 and 275 pounds per square inch. Quantitative measurements of the output of four of the wells indicate a power equivalent to 4,500 kilowatts, or over 1,000 kilowatts per well.

In spite of the borings, no diminution of steam flow at the natural fumaroles in the valley has been noted. Neither do the wells seem to diminish each other's activity, although two of them are within 50 feet of each other. In fact, all the wells have shown an increase in both the pressure and temperature of their steam for a certain period after they were first opened.

A similar enterprise on a larger scale has been conducted at Larderello, Italy, where the commercial production of power has already been realized.

Plan Arctic Exploration by Air.

Gen. Umberto Nobile, who with Capt. Roald Amundsen flew over the North Pole in the airship Norge last year, will lead another polar expedition in the spring. The preparations for this new expedition, which will be exclusively Italian, are well advanced. The expedition has the support of the Royal Italian Geographical Society and the encouragement of the Fascist Government, which has already placed at Gen. Nobile's disposal the dirigible N-4, sister ship of the Norge. Spitsbergen will be the base of the Italian expedition, and from there the general proposes to make a series of flights over the entire polar region.

INSPECT USED CAR MOTOR CAREFULLY

BY ERWIN GREER
(President Gree School of Electrical and Automotive Trades, Chicao, Ill.)

However prominent a man may be in his community, however flattering the neighbor's opinion of him, the moment he offers a used car for sale he becomes a marked man. "Look out !" says everybody

First in importace is the motor of the used car. Right there is the heart of the machine and if it betrays signs of excessive wear or abuse, it is best to leave the "bargain" for somebody else. No matter how well the rest of the car looks, a poor motor is sufficient reason for not buying any car. At the present low prices of used cars one can easily expand the purchase price of the car in putting the motor in running condition.

Sometimes motors which perform excellently on the road and during test have cracks in the cylinders or in the cylinder head which lead from the combustion chamber to the water jacket. Such defects are easy to find when the head is removed. Another way of testing for this same trouble is to look in the lubricating oil. If there is a leak from the cooling system to the cylinders water must be found in the crankcase. Sometimes the water may not be so apparent, but there will be a slushy sediment in the case ; a mixture of carbon and water.

Second-hand cars are sometimes "doped" for poor compression by using excessively heavy oil or by pouring half a tea cup of heavy oil into each cylinder before the car is tested. If a test of the oil discloses the fact that it is heavier than the oil that is regularly used in that model, it is well to be suspicious and take off the cylinder head. Doping by putting the oil in the cylinders is very temporary. Its effect will last only a few minutes, until the oil is burned out. In any case it is best to have the motor run for a few minutes before checking up the compression by turning the motor over by hand.

"Oil-pumpers" are detected by excessive carbon deposits in the combustion chamber. In many cases, the spark plug from a cylinder which pumps oil will be greasy or oily in appearance. Of course the plug may be cleaned just before the inspection, but a short road test will usually bring out the trouble.

The engine bearings are hard to inspect and a thorough job would not be possible without taking off the crank case, but balk at buying a car in which there is a bearing knock. A motor that has been run with loose bearings is quite apt to have a crankshaft out of round and no matter how much adjustment is made, it will only be temporary until the shaft is reground or renewed.

Hairdresser to Curate.

Mr. F. W. Harvey, a hairdresser, of Wallasey, Cheshire, England, has realized a life-long ambition by being ordained a deacon and licensed to a curacy.

He has been in business as a hairdresser for twenty-five years. At the age of twenty he was approached with a view to entering the ministry, but family reasons prevented him, and it was not until three or four years ago that circumstances made it possible for him to set about achieving his aim.

Legend Says It Was Made By the Devil.

The Devil's Bridge crossing the River Barte, near Dulverton, Somersetshire, is probably the oldest structure of its kind in Great Britain. Archaeologists prescribe the erection of the bridge in a prehistoric period. A local legend, however, says that it was made in a night by the devil.

The bridge consists of great slabs of stone formed into a rough bridge for pack horses in time of flood. Experts declare that it is the first improvement on stepping stones. It is 180 feet long, five feet wide, and the longest slab of stone is 8¼ feet. These stones were probably lashed to stout poles and carried on men's shoulders.

The main track from Barnstaple to Minehead and the southern coast of the Bristol Channel is said to have crossed the Barle at this point; wheeled traffic was unknown in those days. Later the farmers in the neighborhood periodically gathered at the bridge to carry out necessary repairs. The legend runs that the bridge was made by the devil entirely for his own use. Being spiteful, he determined it should not be used by mortals. He built it in one night, but when bringing the finishing load of stones his apron string broke and they were scattered at one end.

He pronounced destruction on the first creature to cross the bridge, and so rejoiced he was no blacker than the devil, at which his Satanic Majesty disappeared. Since then the bridge has been open.

Some of the slabs which protected the stone piers have now fallen into the river, and various repairs are necessary. In 1914 the Rev. B. H. Sweetapple Horlock, of Hawkridge Old Rectory, who owns the property on both sides of the ford, has accepted the responsibility for the upkeep of the bridge.

PREHISTORIC RELICS.

Believed to Be Oldest Human Habitation In Northern Europe.

An important archeological discovery has recently been made by a Swedish farmer when laying the foundation of a house near the cloister ruins of Alvastra, in the province of Oestergotland. Deep down in the marshy ground he found palisades and wooden huts, built on poles, and state antiquarians, having examined the remnants, declare that this is the oldest habitation of human beings found in Northern Europe.

These early Swedes, even in the dawn of the stone age, had by an ingenious circle of fortifications defended their cattle against the neighboring nomadic hunters. The skull measurements are identical with those of modern Swedes, and the experts declare that the discovery is a new proof of the traditional hypothesis that Sweden has from time immemorial been populated by the same race.

A somewhat similar type of swamp colony has also been discovered in Gotland, the big Swedish isle of the Baltic, but the "bulwark" as the Gotlanders call it, dates back only to the first centuries of the Roman iron age.

A small Ad. in the "Want" column in the Napanee Express will bring results.

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CANADA FOREVER

BY HAMLIN GARLAND

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"However, a very curious law of our own making was our undoing. Of course the 'nester' or 'punkin roller,' as we contemptuously called the small farmer, began sifting in here and there in spite of our guns, but he was only a mosquito bite in comparison with the trouble which our cowpunchers stirred up. Perhaps you remember enough about the business to know that an unbranded yearling calf without its mother is called a maverick?"

"Yes; I remember that. It belongs to the man who finds him and brands him."

"Precisely. Now, that law worked very nicely so long as the poor cowboy was willing to catch and brand him for his employer, but it proved a 'joker' when he woke up and said to his fellows, 'Why brand these mavericks at $5 per head for this or that outfit when the law says they belong to the man who finds them?'

Lee Virginia looked up brightly. "That seems right to me."

"Ah, yes, but wait! We cattlemen had large herds, and the probabilities were that the calf belonged to some one of us, whereas the cowboy, having no herd at all, knew the maverick belonged to some one's herd. True, the law said it was his, but the law did not mean to reward the freebooter. Yet that is exactly what it did. At first only a few outlaws took advantage of it, but hard years came on, the cattle business became less and less profitable, we were forced to lay off our men and so at last the range swarmed with idle cowpunchers. Then came the breakdown in our scheme. The cowboys took to 'mavericking' on their own account. Some of them had the grace to go into partnership with some farmer and establish a small bunch of cows, but others suddenly and miraculously acquired herds of their own. From keeping within the law they passed to violent methods. They slit the ears of calves to serve the purpose of separating them from their mothers. Finding he could not suck, bossy would at last wander away from his dam and so become a maverick. In short, anarchy reigned on the range."

"But surely my father had nothing to do with this?"

"No; your father up to this time had been on good terms with everybody. He had a small herd of cattle down the river, which he owned in common with a man named Hart."

"I remember him."

"He was well thought of by all the big outfits, and when the situation became intolerable and we got together to weed out the rustlers, these cattle thieves were called, your father was approached and converted to a belief in drastic measures. He had suffered less than the rest of us because of his small herd and the fact that he was very popular among the cowboys. So far as I was concerned, the use of violent methods revolted me. My training in the east had made me a respecter of the law. 'Change the law,' I said. 'The law is all right,' they replied; 'the trouble is with these rustlers. We'll hang a few of 'em, and that will break up the business.'"

Parts of this story came back to the girl's mind, producing momentary flashes of perfect recollection. She heard again the voices of excited men arguing over and over the question of "mavericking," and she saw her father as he rode up to the house that last day before he went south.

Redfield went on. "The whole plan as developed was silly, and I wonder still that Ed Wetherford, who knew the 'nester' and the cowboy so well, should have lent his aid to it. The cattlemen, some from Cheyenne, some from Denver and a few from New York and Chicago, agreed to finance a sort of vigilante corps composed of men from the outside on the understanding that this policing body should be commanded by one of their own number. Your father was chosen second in command and was to guide the party, for he knew almost every one of the rustlers and could ride directly to their doors.

"I wish he hadn't done that," murmured the girl.

"I must be frank with you, Virginia. I can't excuse that in him. It was a kind of treachery. He must have been swayed by his associates. They convinced him by some means that it was his duty, and one fine day the Fork was startled by a messenger who rode in to say that the cattle barons were coming with a hundred Texas bad men 'to clean out the town' and to put their own men into office. This last was silly rot to me, but the people believed it."

The girl was tingling now. "I remember! I remember the men who rode into the town to give the alarm. I was scared almost breathless."

"I was in Sulphur City and did not hear of it till it was nearly all over," Redfield resumed, his speech showing a little of the excitement which thrilled through the girl's voice. "Well, the first act of vengeance was so ill considered that it practically ended the whole campaign. The invaders fell upon and killed two ranchers, one of whom was probably not a rustler at all, but a peaceable settler, and the other one they most barbarously hanged. More than this, they attacked and vainly tried to kill two settlers whom they met on the road—German farmers, with no connection, so far as known, with the thieves. These men escaped and gave the alarm. In a few hours the whole range was aflame with vengeful fire. The Forks, as you may recall, was like a swarm of bumblebees. Every man and boy was armed and mounted. The storekeepers distributed guns and ammunition, scouts developed, and the embattled 'punkin rollers,' rustlers and townsmen rode out to meet the invaders."

The girl paled with memory of it. "It was terrible. I went all day without eating, and for two nights we were all too excited to sleep. It seemed as if the world were coming to an end. Mother cried because they wouldn't let her go with them. She didn't know father was leading the other army."

"She must have known soon, for it was reported that your father was among them. She certainly knew when they were driven to earth in that log fort, for they were obliged to restrain her by force from going to your father. As I run over those furious days it all seems incredible, like a sudden reversion to barbarism."

"How did it all end? The soldiers came, didn't they?"

"Yes; the long arm of Uncle Sam reached out and took hold upon the necks of both parties. I guess your father and his band would have died right there had not the regular army interfered. It only required a sergeant wearing Uncle Sam's uniform to come among those armed and furious cowboys and remove their prisoners."

"I saw that. It was very strange—that sergeant was so young and so brave."

He turned and smiled at her. "Do you know who that was?"

Her eyes flashed. She drew her breath with a gasp. "Was it Mr. Cavanaugh?"

"Yes, it was Ross. He was serving in the regular army at the time. He has told me since that he felt no fear whatever. 'Uncle Sam's blue coat was like Siegfried's magic armor,' he said. 'It was the kind of thing the mounted police of Canada had been called upon to do many a time, and I went in and got my man.' That ended the war, so far as violent measures went, and it really ended the sovereignty of the cattleman. The power of the 'nester' has steadily increased from that moment."

"But my father—what became of him? They took him away to the east, and that is all I ever knew. What do you think became of him?"

"I could never make up my mind. All sorts of rumors come to us concerning him. As a matter of fact, the state authorities sympathized with the cattle barons, and my own opinion is that your father was permitted to flee the cape. He was afterward seen in Texas, and later it was reported that he had been killed there."

The girl sat still, listening to the tireless whir of the machine and looking out at the purpling range with tear mist eyes. At last she said, "I shall never think of my father as a bad man now—he was always good to me."

"You need not condemn him, my dear young lady. The people of the Forks—some of them, at least—consider him a traitor and regard you as the daughter of a renegade, but what does it matter? Each year sees the old west diminish, and already, in the work of the forest service, law and order advance. Notwithstanding all the shouting of herders and the beating to death of sheep, no hostile shot has ever been fired within the bounds of a national forest. In the work of the forest rangers lies the hope of intimate peace and order over all the public lands.

The girl fell silent again, her mind filled with larger conceptions of life than her judgment had hitherto been called upon to meet. She knew that Redfield was right, and yet that world of the past—the world of the swift herdsman and his trampling, long horned, half wild kine—still appealed to her imagination. The west of her girlhood seemed heroic in memory. Even the quiet account of it to which she had just listened could not conceal its epic largeness of movement. The part which troubled her most was her father's treachery to his neighbors. That he should fight, that he should kill men in honorable warfare, she could understand, but not his recreancy, his desertion of her mother and herself.

She came back to dwell at last on the action of that slim young soldier who had calmly ridden through the infuriated mob. She remembered that she had thrilled even then at the vague and impersonal power which he represented. To her childish mind he seemed to bear a charm, like the heroes of her story books—something which made him invulnerable.

After a long pause Redfield spoke again. "The memory of your father will make life for a time a bit hard for you in Roaring Fork. Perhaps your mother's advice is sound. Why not come to Sulphur City, which is almost entirely of the new spirit?"

"If I can get my mother to come, too. I will be glad to do so, for I hate the Fork. But I will not leave her there, sick and alone."

"Much depends upon the doctor's examination tomorrow."

They had topped the divide now between the Fork and Sulphur creek basin, and the green fields, the alfalfa meadows and the painted farmhouses thickened beneath them. Strange how significant all these signs were now! A few days ago they had appeared doubtful improvements; now they represented the oncoming dominion of the east. They meant cleanliness and decent speech, good bread and sweet butter.

Redfield swept through the town, then turned up the stream directly toward the high wall of the range, which was ragged and abrupt at this point. They passed several charming farmhouses, and the western sky grew ever more glorious with its plum color and saffron, and the range reasserted its mastery over the girl. At last they came to the very jaws of the canyon, and there, in a deep natural grove of lofty cottonwood trees, Redfield passed before a high rustic gate which marked the beginning of his estate. The driveway was of gravel, and the intermingling of transplanted shrubs and pine trees showed the care of the professional gardener.

The house was far from being a castle. Indeed, it was very like a house in Bryn Mawr, except that it was built entirely of half hewn logs, with a wide projecting roof. Giant hydrangeas and other flowering shrubs bordered the drive, and on the rustic terrace a lady in white was waiting.

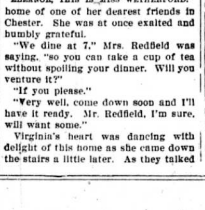
Redfield slowed down and scrambled ungracefully out. But his voice was charming as he said: "Eleanor, this is Miss Wetherford. She was on the point of getting the blues, so I brought her away," he explained.

Mrs. Redfield, quite as urban as the house, was a slim little woman of delicate habit, very far from the ordinary conception of a rancher's wife. Her manner was politely considerate, but not heatedly cordial (the visitor was not precisely hers), and, though she warmed a little after looking into Virginia's face, she could not by any stretch of phrase be called cordial.

"Oh, no, indeed. Nothing ever tires me," Virginia responded, with a smile.

"You look like one in perfect health," continued her hostess in the envious tone of one who knew all too well what ill health meant. "Let me show you to your room."

The house was not precisely the palace the cowboy had reported it to be, but it was charmingly decorated, and the furnishings were tasteful. To the girl it was as if she had been transported with instant magic from the horrible little cow town back to the



"ELEANOR, THIS IS MISS WETHERFORD."

home of one of her dearest friends in Chester. She was at once exalted and humbly grateful.

"We dine at 7," Mrs. Redfield was saying, "so you can take a cup of tea without spoiling your dinner. Will you venture it?"

"If you please."

"Very well, come down soon and I'll have it ready. Mr. Redfield, I'm sure, will want some."

Virginia's heart was dancing with delight of this home as she came down the stairs a little later. As they talked Mrs. Redfield studied the girl with increasing interest and favor and soon got at her point of view. She even secured a little more of her story, which matched fairly well with the account her husband had given. Her prejudices were swept away, and she treated her young guest as one well born and well educated woman treats another.

At last she said: "We dress for dinner, but any frock you have will do. We are not ironclad in our rules. There will be some neighbors in, but it isn't in any sense a 'party.'"

Lee Virginia went to her room borne high upon a new conception of the possibilities of the west. It was glorious to think that one could enjoy the refinement, the comfort, of the east at the same time that one dwelt within the inspiring shadow of the range. Her haste were a-tremble as she put on the bright muslin gown which was all she had for evening wear. She felt very much like the schoolgirl again, and after she had done her best to look nice she took a seat in the little rocker with intent to compose herself for her meeting with strangers. "I wish we were dining without visitors," she said as she heard a carriage drive up. A little later a galloping horse entered the yard and stopped at the door.

She heard voices in the hall and among them one with a very English accent, one that sounded precisely like those she had heard on the stage.

At last she dared wait no longer and, taking courage from necessity, descended the stairs, a pleasant picture of vigorous yet somewhat subdued maidenhood.

CHAPTER VII.

TWO ON THE VERANDA.

REDFIELD met his young guest in dinner coat, looking extremely urban, and presented his friend and neighbor, Mr. Enderby."

Enderby turned out to be the owner of the voice with the English accent which Lee Virginia had heard in the hall, but he was very nice, and a moment later Mrs. Redfield entered with Mrs. Enderby, a large lady with a smiling face. Then a voice she knew spoke from behind her: "I don't need a presentation. Miss Wetherford and I have already met."

She turned to meet Ross Cavanagh, the young ranger.

"How did you get here?" she asked in wonder.

"I rode across the hills. It's not far."

He, too, was in evening dress, and as she stared at him in surprise he laughingly protested. "Please don't scrutinize this coat too closely. It's the only one I've owned for ten years, and this is the only house in which I'd dare to wear it."

One of the guests was State Senator Bridges, a farmerlike elderly man wearing a well fitting evening suit. He was markedly western. So was his wife, who looked rather uneasy and hot.

Virginia and Ross, being the only young folk at the table, were seated together, and Enderby remarked privately, "Ross, you're in luck."

"I know I am," he replied heartily. He was, as Redfield had said, highly susceptible, made so by his solitary life in the mountains, and to be seated close beside this maid of the valley stirred his blood to the danger point. It was only by an effort of the will that he kept in touch with the conversation.

"I hadn't the least thought of seeing you here," said Virginia. "How did you happen to come?"

"Redfield telephoned me at the mill, and I came at once. I haven't been here since May, and I just thought I'd take a half day off. Luckily my understudy was with me. I left him 'on the job.'"

He did not tell her that she was the principal reason for this sudden descent upon Elk Lodge, and no one but Redfield knew the killing ride he had taken in order to be in at the beginning of the dinner. The girl's face and voice, especially her voice, had been with him night and day as he went about his solitary duties. Her life problem had come to fill his mind to a disturbing degree, and he was eager to know more of her and of her struggle against the vice and vulgarity of the Forks.

"How is your mother?" he asked a few minutes later.

"Not at all well. Mr. Redfield is to take the doctor back with us tomorrow." The ecstasy died out of her face, and the flexible lips drooped with troubled musing. "I am afraid she suffers more than she will admit."

"She needs a rest and change. She should get away from her seat at that cash register and return to the open air. A few months in the hills would help her. She sticks too close to her work."

"I know she does, but she won't let me relieve her, even for an hour. It isn't because she doesn't trust me; she says it's because she doesn't want me sitting there—so—publicly. She doesn't oppose my housekeeping any more"—

"You certainly have made the old hotel into a place of miraculous neatness."

She flushed with pleasure. "I have done something, but not as I'd like to do. I really think if mother wishes to sell she could do so now to much better advantage."

"I've no doubt of it. Really, I'm not being funny, Miss Wetherford, when I say you've done something heroic. It's no easy thing to go into a place like that and make it habitable. It shows immense courage and self reliance on your part. It's precisely the kind of work this whole country needs."

His praise, sincere and generous, repaid her for all she had done through. It was a great pleasure to hear her small self praised for courage and self reliance by one whose daily work was heroic. All things conspired to make a conquest of her heart, for the ranger bore himself with grace and dealt with his affairs deftly. His face, seen from the side, was older and sterner than she had thought it, but it was very attractive in line.

Redfield appealed to the ranger, "Ross, you're all sorts of a reactionary. What do you say to this? Senator Bridges is opposed to all federal interference with state forests and state game."

The forester's eyes lit up. "But are they state forests and state game? What makes them so? They are lands which the whole people purchased and which the whole people defended."

"Hesh, hesh!" cheered Enderby.

Bridges bristled with anger and went off into a long harangue on state rights and the dangers of centralization, to which Enderby replied: "Bosh! The whole trouble with your bally government is that it's too democratic. If I had my way I'd wipe out the senate. You're such blooming asses over there. You don't know enough to keep a really big man in your presidential chair! This fussing about every four years is all nonsense. Roosevelt gets in the midst of a lot of the finest kind of reforms, you know, and directly you go and turn him out. Then if you get a bad man you're to wait four years till you get a good one back. Why not arrange it so you can pitch your president out the minute he goes wrong? I say your old rag of a constitution is a ball and chain on your national leg. Senator, its tremendously better of so far as that goes."

Ross turned to Virginia, leaving the political discussion to go on over his head. "I was back in the old island a couple of years ago, and you've no idea how small it seemed to me. It surely is a 'right little, tight little island.' I couldn't help wondering whether the men in parliament were as important as they seemed to think they were and whether England is not really an empty shell of empire, a memory of what it once was. I couldn't settle down there some day. I was homesick for the mountains in a month. But what scared me most was the pauper population of the old place—one in every thirty-seven must be helped. I came back to the States gladly. 'I guess I'm an American,' I said to my sisters."

To Lee Virginia the talk of "the curse of democracy" and "the decay of empire" was unexciting, but when Cavanagh told of the sheepmen's advance across the dead line on Deer creek and of the threats of the cattle owners she was better able to follow the discussion. Bridges was heartily on the side of law and order, for he wished to boom the state (being a heavy owner in a town site), but he objected to Redfield's ideas of "botching up the resources of the state."

"But we're not," retorted Redfield; "we're merely defending them against those who would monopolize them. We believe in their fullest use, but we see no reason for giving away the resources when the country needs the revenue."

Mrs. Redfield rose as soon as the coffee came on. "You gentlemen seem intent upon discussing matters of no interest to us," she said, "so we'll leave you to fight it out alone. I'm sure you'll all agree with Hugh in the end. Like General Grant, he's a very obstinate man."

No sooner were they seated in the big living room than Mrs. Enderby began to relate comical stories of her household. Her cats had fits and ran up the wall. Her dogs were forever getting quilled by reason of foolish attacks upon porcupines, or else they came home so reminiscent of skunks that they all but smothered the cook. "Invariably they return from encounters of this kind just as we are sitting at dinner," she explained. "Furthermore, Enderby's ditches are habitually getting clogged and overflowing the lawn and filling the cellar, and he stands in terror of his cowboys. When I think of all these irruptions and visitations England's order and routine seem heavenly. But Charley finds all this amusing, more's the pity, and leaves me to set things in order. Most indicrous of all to me is his habitual claim that the ranch is paying. I tell him there's an error in his bookkeeping somewhere, but he assures me that his receipts exceeded his expenditures last year, which is quite too incredible. You've no idea how high wages are and how little we raise."

"Oh, yes, I have," laughed Mrs. Redfield. "And my cat had a fit too. Hugh says it's the high altitude. I tell him it's melancholia."

Cavanagh showed himself. "I hear so much laughter I'm coming in. We're all so dreadfully political out here, and, besides, I came to see the ladies, and I can stay only a few minutes longer."

"You're not going back tonight?" exclaimed his hostess.

"I must be in my own precinct by daylight," he replied. "The supervisor has an eye on me."

Mrs. Redfield explained to Lee Virginia, "He rode fifty miles over the mountains"—

"Thirty," corrected Ross. "But what does that matter when I'm in the company of such charming ladies?" he added gallantly.

"And now he's going to ride all the way back tonight."

"Think of that!" gasped Mrs. Enderby. "And no moon!"

"How can you find your way?" asked Mrs. Bridges, to whom this was a mortally dangerous journey.

"Oh, it's quite simple! If you don't bump against a tree or fall into the creek you may be quite sure you're on the trail," laughed Ross.

Mrs. Redfield knew the true reason for his coming and was not at all pleased, "for with all Lee's personal charm," she said to her husband, "she is socially beneath Ross Cavanagh even in a state where social barriers are few."

"Come out on the verandah," suggested Cavanagh, "and I'll show you the hills I must climb."

Lee accepted innocently, but as the young people left the room Mrs. Enderby looked at her hostess with significant glance. "There's the lady Ross rode down to meet. Who is she?"

"Her mother is that dreadful old creature that keeps the Wetherford hotel in Roaring Fork."

"Not—exclaimed Mrs. Enderby?

"Yes; Lee Virginia is Lize Wetherford's daughter."

"But the girl is charming."

"I suppose she is," said Mrs. Redfield, "but I wish Hugh would come home a week or so ago full of her praise"— And at this point her voice dropped lower, and the other drew closer.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE CASE OF LEE VIRGINIA AND ROSS.

LEE and Ross stood in silence on the Redfield veranda. There was no moon, and the mountains rose darkly, a sheer wall at the end of the garden, their tops cutting into the starry sky with a dull edge, over which a dim white cone peered.

"That snow peak is Wolftooth and thirty miles from here and at the head of my beat," said the ranger after a pause as they leaned against the railing and looked away to the south. "I go up that ridge which you see faintly at the left of the main canyon and through that deep notch which is above timber line."

The girl's eyes widened with awe of the big, silent, dark world he indicated. "Aren't you afraid to start out on such a trip alone—I mean, don't you dread it?"

"I'll be sorry to start back, yes, but not because of the dark. I've enjoyed my visit here so much it will be hard to say good night."

"It seems strange to me that you should prefer this wild country to England."

"Do you like this east better than the west?"

"In some ways; but, then, you see, I was born out here."

"So was I—I mean to say I was regenerated out here. The truth is I was a good deal of a scapegrace when I left England. I was always for hunting and horses, and naturally I came directly to the wild west country, and here I've been ever since. I've had my turn at each phase of it—cowpuncher, soldier, rough rider and finally forest ranger. I reckon I've found my job at last."

"Do you like it so much?"

"At the present time I am perfectly contented. I'm associated now with a country that will never yield to the plow. Yes, I like my work. I love the forests and the streams. I wish I might show them to you. You don't know how beautiful they are. The most beautiful parks in the world are commonplace to what I can show you. My only sorrow is to think of them often over in the sawmill. Perhaps you and your mother will come up some time and let me show you my lakes and streams. There are waterfalls lovely they make the heart ache. Hugh is planning to come up soon; perhaps you and Mrs. Redfield will come with him."

"I'd like it above everything," she responded fervently. Then her voice changed. "But all depends on my mother's health."

It hurt him to hear her call Eliza Wetherford mother. He wanted to forget her origin for the moment. He was not in love with her—far from it. But she was so alluring, and the proprietress of the Wetherford House was not nice, and that made one doubt the daughter.

She broke the silence. "It seems dreadfully dark and mysterious up there. She indicated his path.

"It isn't as bad as it looks. There is a good trail, and my pony knows it as well as I do. I enjoy riding by night.

"But there are bears and other wild things, are there not?"

"Not as much as I wish there were."

"Why do you say that?"

"I hate to see all the wild life killed off. Some day all these forests will have game refuges like the Yellowstone National park. They are coming each year to have greater and greater value to the people of the plains. They are playgrounds, like the Alps. If I should ever settle down to a home it would be in a canyon like this, with a great peak at my front door."

"It is beautiful," the girl said in the tone of sadness with which we greet the perfect night, the perfect flower, the flawless landscape. "It is both grand and peaceful."

This tone of sadness pleased him. It showed her depth of perception, and he reflected that she had not uttered a vacuous or silly phrase since their first meeting. "She is capable of great development," he thought. Aloud he said: "You are a strange mingling of east and west. Do you realize it?"

"In what way?" she asked, feeling something ardent in his tone.

"You typify to me at this moment

(Continued on page 5)

A Real Game of Patience

Have you ever played a game called "Patience"? It whiles away an idle hour very pleasantly and, of course, you can throw down the cards and quit any time you please.

There is a place, however, where they play another kind of "Patience," and they can't leave off when they wish.

George is at it—he is an inmate of the Toronto Hospital for Consumptives at Weston—has been there for three years now. For a chap who used to lead an active outdoor life this is hard. A few months ago, his wife and her mother died leaving his little five-year-old son to the care of relatives.

How George does wish he could get his health back quicker so that he can look after his boy! It has been a long fight, but he believes he will win—and so do the kindly nurses and doctors who are helping him.

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GOOD!
BY-TH'-WAY, I JUST SAW JOE WHOSIS HE SAID HED BEAT A LOCK-SHOT AT THE RACES & I WAS GOIN' T' STOP BY YOUR HOUSE T' LEAVE YA THAT DOUGH HE OWED JA!
MUH?
C-GOSH!
TOO LATE!
PA-IS THAT YOU? IF IT IS MAKE SURE YOUR SHOES ARE CLEAN! I'M SICK AND TIRED OF YOU TRACKING MUD INTO THIS HOUSE EVERY NIGHT!
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OBVIOUS ERRORS IN CALCULATION ARE DISCOVERED IN STATISTICS PRESENTED TO THE RAILWAY BOARD

Miscalculation of Cost of Car Repairs Shows Thousands of Dollars Incorrectly Added to Railway Board's Freight Estimate on Alberta Coal.

G.N.R. FIGURES INDICATE OBVIOUS ERROR.

On Basis of Statistics Used Alberta Coal Would be Obliged to Pay One Quarter of Whole Freight Car Repair Bill of Railway During Period.

This is the second of a series of special articles dealing with Alberta coal, based on investigations made by the Farmers' Sun. These show conclusively that there is no satisfactory economic reason why this fuel could not be made available to the Ontario consumer at a reasonable price per ton. Opponents of a subsidy on coal policy have, thus far, held that a sufficiently low freight rate is not feasible. The Sun's investigations indicate that such a rate is not only possible but that it would not involve, reducing the net revenues of the railways by one dollar nor require the expenditure of a cent from the Federal treasury in the way of subsidy.

The majority report of the Board of Railway Commissioners held that $7.22 was the out-of-pocket rate on hauling Alberta coal into Ontario. Since any rate in excess of $7 per ton makes the retailing of the coal here almost impossible, the opponents of the movement, to use Canadian coal in Canada felt that the matter was settled.

Any newspaper or periodical, naturally, feels a certain amount of hesitancy in criticizing the findings of an official body such as the Railway Board of Canada, but in this case, errors in calculation are so obvious that it is impossible, in justice to the ultimate consumer of fuel, to let them pass unchallenged.

In last week's article, it was demonstrated, from the actual statistics presented to the Board by the railways themselves, that one very obvious mistake in the average tonnage of each carload, had increased the cost of the coal 47 cents per ton.

In fact, it should be borne in mind in connection with all the articles in this series that the findings of The Sun's investigators are based, not on theories but on these very figures which the railways themselves offered to support their contention that the low coal rate was not feasible—or at least, not without a subsidy.

This fact is so necessary to a correct understanding of the present situation that it deserves repetition—The Sun's conclusions, to reiterate it, are based only on statistics put forward by those who favor a lower freight rate, but by those who are opposing it.

Two separate and different things were made to the railways in this attempt to estimate the exact cost of getting coal to an Ontario market. Among the items was one which was said to be a calculation of the cost of car repairs on the rolling stock which would be used for this purpose.

The item, on investigation, reveals another miscalculation of thousands of dollars, added to the freight bill on the coal.

It was assumed by the Railway Board that the Canadian National, in the slack season as far as the huling of grain is concerned, would put 10,000 of its otherwise idle box-cars into the coal movement.

Certain repair bills would necessarily follow as a result of this haulage. On the yearly basis of 84,243,500, the Board allowed the sum of $2,142,297 to cover this expenses during the six months when, it was to be expected, the cars would be used for the carrying of fuel.

But on page eight of the estimates submitted to the Board by the Canadian National representatives at the hearings, the total freight car repair costs of the entire Canadian National system are given as $17,660,487.

It only requires an elementary knowledge of arithmetic to reveal what is now The Sun's contention that six or seven per cent. of the box-car equipment of the road for six months, Alberta coal would be obliged to pay one-quarter of the whole freight car repair bill of the railroad during that time—or to put it more accurately, the Ontario consumer of Alberta coal would be obliged to pay for it.

To repeat once more—for the sake of emphasis and clearness—this estimate is used in the calculation of a figure which is to give the actual and exact cost of bringing coal into Ontario, without profit and without shouldering the coal movement with any share of the overhead which other freight is now bearing or any share of the costs which go on, anyway, whether Alberta coal comes east or whether it stays underground.

The majority report of the Railway Board, in addition, allows no consideration of another important factor as far as car repairs are concerned.

The cars to be used for the coal were described in the Order-in-Council which called for the hearing, as grain cars. Under present conditions, they lie idly during that period when they might be used in transporting coal. Obviously, while sitting uselessly on the sidings, they deteriorate.

If they were used in carrying coal, the freight rates on this product would pay the cost of keeping them in repair during this period when today they are depreciating in value and being held idle for the next grain rush.

No allowance whatever is made for this.

The question of freight car repairs, however, can be approached from still another angle.

In analyzing it at the Railway Board hearings, the provinces followed the procedure of the Interstate Commerce Commission of the United States. This was necessary because there is no thing of the kind in the records of the Canadian Railway Board.

The provinces found that the average annual cost of repairing freight cars, including overhead, was 1.4 cents for every mile operated, or $121.90 per year for each car.

Another point which should be considered, comes up here. In 1925, the average loaded car haul on the Canadian National Railways was 328 miles. But in moving coal east, it would be about 2,000 miles. Each coal haul therefore, would be several times greater than the average freight car haul.

It seems logical to assume that the repair bills on a freight car making a number of short trips with more general loadings and unloadings, would be greater than the repair costs of a car covering the same mileage, but with each trip six times as long. In other words, coal-carrying cars, when it comes to estimating the cost of keeping them in repair, would be hauling only one-sixth as many separate loads in covering a given distance as the average freight car.

To assume that the cost of repairs on coal-carrying box-cars would be the same per mile as in the case of the cars engaged in general traffic, is to make a very liberal estimate in favor of the railways.

The Provinces—Ontario and Alberta—conceded this point, however, and, using the 1.4 cents per car per mile figure as a basis, estimated that this car repair item would add 88 cents to the freight rate on each ton of coal. To this would be added several other minor items which also come under the general heading of car repairs, bringing the total cost per ton up to 97 cents.

The railways estimated that 59 days would be required to make the round trip from west to east with coal and back again empty.

On the face of it, this seems to be an excessive length of time, but that point can be left for a later article.

Suppose, then, that each car makes six round trips per year. The cost of keepig it in repair, on the basis of these figures, would be $209.52.

figures of the Canadian National Railways.

Seeing that the official railway showed the average actual cost per car to have been $121.90, the provinces felt that in allowing the sum of $209.52 they were being very generous.

That, in other words, meant that the provinces allowed 97 cents per ton, as the amount to be charged up, in the freight-rate, to repair cars.

But when the majority report of the Railway Board appeared, with its figure of $7.22 as the actual cost of carrying each ton of coal, it was found that the amount of money charged against the coal traffic per year per car was $524.85. Contrast this with the admitted average cost for repairs of all cars of $121 and the liberal estimate of $209.52 which the provinces were prepared to accept as reasonable.

(These errors in calculating the cost of freight car repairs which should be charged against the coal movement, added $1.30 to the 7.22 freight rate to Ontario. The exact details of this overcharge will be dealt with in a further article.)

Annual Meeting.

The annual meeting of the Napanee Horticultural Society will be held at the office on Wednesday, Jan. 11th, at 4 p.m.

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If you want to be absolutely sure that your skates are properly ground, leave them at the work shop of Harry Vine, on Bridge street. Satisfaction guaranteed and prompt service. 6

Mme. Elly Ney Coming to Kingston.

Mme. Elly Ney, the celebrated Polish pianist, is appearing in Grant Hall, Kingston, on Tuesday, January 10th. She is considered the greatest woman pianist of the day. She will appear in a varied program. Admission $2.00, $1.50 and $1.00. Piano opens Friday at Lindsay Piano Store, Princess street, Kingston. No one should miss this opportunity of hearing this world-famous artist.

GRACE UNITED CHURCH

REV. W. P. WOODGER, B.A., Minister.

9.30—Class meeting.
10.30 a.m.—Public Worship. Sermon : Second in the series on "The Lord's Prayer."
11.45 a.m.—Sunday School and Adult Classes.
7 p.m.—Public Worship. Sermon "Spiritual Free Masonry."
Monday 7.30 p.m.—Young People's League.
Wednesday, Jan. 18th, 6.30 p. m., United Church Men's Banquet in Trinity Church. Speakers : Rev. Dr. Laird and Dr. Moore, of Toronto.

Visitors cordially invited to all services.

BAY CIRCUIT

Rev. R. J. Merriam, Pastor

Anderson Church : Sunday School 10 a.m. ; Public Worship, 11 a.m.
Sand Hill Church: Public Worship 2.30 p.m.
Gretna Church : Public Worship 7.30 p.m.
Bethany Church : Meeting of Quarterly Board Friday, Jan. 20th, at 2.30 p.m.

Wanted.

Clothes cleaned and pressed at the house, Bridge street, East.
7-cp A. S. HAMILTON.

Ensilage.

We will be giving out Ensilage Wednesday, January 4th, to GROWERS ONLY. Hours 8 to 4.30, Saturdays 8 to 11 a.m.

THE NAPANEE CANNING CO.
6-b

Annual Meeting.

The annual meeting of the Napanee Cemetery Company, "Riverside," will be held in the Council Chamber, Napanee, on Wednesday, January 25th, 1928, at 2 p.m., for receiving the Auditors Report and other business. Lot owners are requested to attend.

E. J WALTERS, Pres.
W. H. DUNBAR, Sec'y.
7-b

Board of Audit.

The County Board of Audit, consisting of His Honor J. E. Madden, Judge, County Councillor George Anson Aylsworth and County Clerk W. G. Wilson met last Friday and Saturday in the Judge's Chambers at the Court House and there were so many matters to be considered that the Board were obliged to sit the second day to complete the work. C. M. Wilson, Clerk of the Peace, is the Clerk of the Board.

Election of Officers.

At the annual meeting of the Napanee Public Library, held on Monday evening, Jan. 9th, the following officer were elected for 1928 :

President—W. St Herrington.
Sec'y-Treas.—Ernest J. Walters.

Librarian—Miss Lucy Edwards
Auditors—Mr. T. B. Wallace.
Board of Directors—J. W. Robinson, W. P. Deroche, W. S. Herrington, Geo. W. Gibbard, E. F. Walters, T. B. Wallace, E. J. Corkill, James Laughland.

Deseronto Driving Club Elects Officers for 1928.

Deseronto Driving Club elected the following officers for 1928 : Honorary Presidents, E. C. Metcalfe, W. H. Harvey, H. M. Rathbun ; Presidents, Edmund Dowling ; secretary, Herbert Aylsworth ; treasurer, A. O. Clark ; horse committee, W. D. Perry (Chairman), J. Dowling and H. Aylesworth ; track committee, H. Aylesworth (Chairman), Barry Oliver, Wilfrid Miller, Darrell Doyle, H. B. Perry, T. J. McAlpin, James McVicker. It was decided to hold a race meet at Deseronto on Wednesday, Feb. 8, weather permitting. Three races, 2.50 class, 2.20 class and free-for-all, will be held. All entries for these races must be in the hands of Secretary Aylesworth not later than Saturday night, Feb. 4th.

A Unique Event in the History of Oddfellowship.

In the December issue of the Dominion Independent Oddfellows appears an article giving a history of the life of Wm. Chapin, who at the age of 90 years was initiated into Waterford Lodge No. 235, I.O.O.F., at Waterford, Ont. At the age of 80 he felt that there was yet sme real work for him to do, accordingly he requested membership in the I.O.O. F., that he might have something to which he could devote his time and attention for the benefit of his fellowmen. He was admitted into Waterford Lodge on Thursday evening, October 20th, 1927, before a gathering of over 200 Oddfellows of the district, one distinct feature of the ceremony being the presence of a grandson, who took part in the initiatory proceedings.

Re-Open For Business

at the

Campbell House Corner

and will carry a complete stock of

Groceries

Will be very glad to welcome all old customers back, and any new customers that would like to come.

Quality and Service guaranteed

H. W. HUFFMAN
Campbell House Corner
'Phone 180.

TRINITY UNITED CHURCH

Rev. Harry Pawson, Minister.

10.30 a.m. and 7 p.m.—Public worship.
11.45—Sunday School.
6.30 p.m.—Organ recital by Prof. Baird.
Monday, 7.30 p.m.—Young People's Society.

S. MARY MAGDALENE CHURCH

Rev. R. J. Dumbrille, Vicar.

Services of S. Mary Magdalene Church :

Christmas Day services—
8.00—Holy Communion.
10.30 a.m.—Matins and Holy Communion.
7.00—Evensong and sermon.

Councillors are Chosen on the Tyendinaga Reserve.

On one of the most keenly contested elections ever held on the Tyendinaga Reserve the following were elected to handle the affairs for the next three years : Stephen Maracle, Francis John, David H. Barnhardt, Herman Claus and Thomas Hill. Messrs. Barnhardt and Claus were members of the late Council. There were 13 in the field, and a total of 229 votes were cast. Peter Joe Brant and John Maracle were members of the previous Council who went down to defeat while George Hill, the fifth member did not run.

New Undertakers.

In this issue appears an announcement of a new firm, as a word of introduction, if this be necessary, as Mr. VanLuven and Mr. Wartman are already well known. Mr. VanLuven has been a citizen of our town for nine years, promoting the sale of some of the leading pianos. Before coming to town he was with VanLuven Bros., a well known firm throughout these counties, serving on Undertaking business as well as other lines. Mr. Wartman belongs to one of the oldest and best known families of Newburgh, and has been in the Undertaking business at Newburgh for some time. Both men are licensed Embalmers.

The Verdict.

The inquest into the recent railway wreck at Enterprise was concluded on Monday. The Coroner's Jury, impannelled and sworn to inquire into when, where and how Wm. Burnett came to his death, do hereby find that the said Wm. Burnett came to his death through a collision between two trains near Rockrill siding on the C.P.R. railway on December 27th, 1927, as a result of passenger train No. 6 going west colliding with freight train No. 2nd, 910 going east and we are further of the opinion that the accident was due to the engineer of the freight train not obeying the rules as laid down in the rule book governing train crews, first in allowing the train to overrun the switch and second, in not sending out a flagman as soon as he found he could not back the train up. And we are of the opinion that five minutes as allowed by the regulations is not sufficient time to clear passenger trains.

Swastika Club Dance.

One of the most outstanding social events of the season took place on Friday evening, December the twenty-ninth, when the girls of the Swastika Club gave their annual holiday dance in the Masonic Assembly Hall. The patrons and patronesses for the occasion were : Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Hicks, Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Miller, Mr. and Mrs. Gilbride and Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Wiggins. The ballroom was prettily decorated with Christmas greenry. One corner of the room was completely taken up by a large and brilliantly decorated Christmas tree, under which the patronesses received the guests. Many tiny shaded lights and Swastika banners completed the decoratins. The ball-room itself a fairyland and the exquisite gowns of the ladies made this the most gala dance ever given in Napanee. Excellent music was furnished by a seven-pieced orchestra, under the capable leadership of Mr. Everett Stephens. The novelty dances, for which pretty favors were given, did much to add merriment to the gay scene. During the intermission, dainty refreshments were served by the club members. Over two hundred and fifty guests were present, many from towns and cities from various parts of Canada and United States, testifying to the ever increasing popularity of the Swastika Club dances.

ASSURANCE

THOSE who employ us have the assurance that they will receive the highest degree of service and satisfaction. We are equipped to handle a commission in a thorough manner. Our services are dependable and polite.

MASTERS TIERNEY UNDERTAKERS
FULL MOTOR EQUIPMENT
PHONE 195 NO CHARGE

"The word is nigh thee, even in thy mouth and in thy heart ; that is the word of faith, which we preach, that if thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised Him from the dead, thou shalt be saved. For with the heart man believeth unto righteousness, and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation. For the Scripture saith whosoever believeth on Him shall not be ashamed," Rom. 10 : 8-11 ; "I beseech you therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God that ye present bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service. And be not conformed to this world, but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind that ye may prove what is that good and acceptable and perfect will of God," Rom. 12 : 1, 2.

A BIBLE LOVER.

WONDERLAND

WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY

First National presents Chas. Murray and Chester Conklin in their latest feature length comedy, "McFADDEN'S FLATS."
Also a good comedy.

FRIDAY and SATURDAY

A special selected Western feature "THE BRONCHO TWISTER," starring Tom Mix.
And other reels.

MONDAY and TUESDAY

Metro Goldwyn Mayers present Lillian Gish in "THE SCARLET LETTER." She is supported with an all star cast.
Also a special comedy.

Coming—Ronald Coleman, in "Beaugeste."
Stevens' Blue Jacket orchestra Thursday night, 8 to 9.30 p.m.

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New Faces
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Large, Juicy Navel Oranges (sweet) 50c. Dozen

Choice Lemons 25c. Doz.

Large Grape Fruit 10c. each

California Celery.

Iceberg Lettuce.

Fresh Spinach.

Fresh Tomatoes.

We will carry a full line of Fresh Fruits and Vegetables.

Money Back if Not Satisfied
Stock Up Now

New season's crop of Japan Tea, regular 75c. —special price, 65c.

Shelled Almonds.....60c. lb.
Shelled Walnuts.....49c. lb.
New Prunes, good size,.....
.....2 lbs. for 25c.
Milk White Tapioca.....11c. lb.
(the different kind)
Fancy Head Rice, 1 lb. pkgs. 15c.
(other kinds for less)
Pure Lard.....20c. lb.
Shortening, best quality,..18c. lb.
Table Salt.....5c. pkge
(Regular 10c. pkge)
Canned Corn, Peas and Tomatoes
.....2 for 25c.
Classic Cleaner.....3 for 25c.
(Beats the Dutch)
Castile Soap, large bars, reg. 25c.
Special.....2 for 25c.

ORANGE PEKOE TEA
(Reg. 75c. Special
1 lb.....59c.
2 lbs.....$1.14
3 lbs.....$1.68
5 lbs.....$2.75

A full line of BRAN, SHORTS, FLOUR, Etc.

To make it interesting to the public we will run **A ONE DAY SALE** of one line of merchandise. We will sell this one line at cost price, changing every day—that is we will have something new to offer every day during the week.

Telephone, or better still, come in and see what this line is going to be.

GLASSES
AS LOW AS
$4.95

After four years in Napanee successfully treating many hundreds of patients, I am now in a position to show my appreciation of your confidence and patronage by giving the people of Napanee and district the benefit of prices as low as anywhere in the province.

The same scientific eye examination will be given.

Double Vision Lenses to see far or near..... $ 7.00.
Fused (Invisible) Bi-Focals to see far or near..... $10.00.

These prices prevail for the month of January only.

DR. LESLIE LEWIS,
OPTOMETRIST
4 Doors West of Wallace's Drug Store.

Cavanagh, Forest Ranger

The Great Conservation Novel

By HAMLIN GARLAND

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this whole state. You fill me with enthusiasm for its future. Here you are, derived from the lawless west, yet taking on the culture and restraint of the east so readily that you seem not in the least related to"—

He checked himself at this point, and she said, "My mother is not as rough as she seems, Mr. Cavanagh."

"She must be more or less a woman than appears or she could not have borne such a daughter. But do you feel your relationship to her? Tell me honestly, for you interest me."

"I didn't at first, but I do now. I begin to understand her, and besides, I feel in myself certain things that are in her, though I think I am more like the Wetherfords. My father's family home was in Maryland."

Ross could have talked on all night, so alluring was the girl's dimly seen yet warmly felt figure at his side, but a sense of danger and a knowledge that he should be riding led him at last to say: "It is getting chill. We must go in, but before we do so let me say how much I've enjoyed seeing you again. I hope the doctor will make favorable report on your mother's case. You'll write me the result of the examination, won't you?"

"If you wish me to."

"I shall be most anxious to know."

They were standing very near to each other at the moment, and the ranger, made very sensitive to a woman's charm by his lonely life, shook with newly created love of her. A suspicion, a hope, that beneath her cultivated manner lay the passionate nature of her mother gave an added force to his desire. He was strongly tempted to touch her, to test her, but her sweet voice, a little sad and perfectly unconscious of evil, calmed him. She said:

"I hope to persuade my mother to leave the Forks. All the best people there are against us. Some of them have been very cruel to her and to me, and, besides, I despise and fear the men who come to our table."

"You must not exchange words with them." It was but commanded. "Beware of Gregg; he is a vile lot. Do not trust him for an instant. Do not permit any of those loafers to talk with you, for if you do they will go away to defame you. I know them. They are unspeakably vile. It makes me angry to think that Gregg and his like have the right to speak to you every day, while I have not only not at long intervals. I wish my station were not so far away. But I'll ride down as often as my duties will permit, and you must let me know how things go. And if any of those fellows persecute you you'll tell me, won't you? I wish you'd look upon me as your big brother. Will you do that?" His voice entreated, and as she remained silent he continued: "Roaring Fork is one of the worst towns in the state, and a girl like you needs some one as a protector. I don't know just how to put it, but that you need not misunderstand me, but, you see, I protect the forest, the streams and the game, I help the settler in time of trouble, I am a kind of all round big brother to every body who needs help in the forest. In fact, I'm paid for protecting things that can't protect themselves, and so"—here he tried to lend his voice the accent of humor—"why shouldn't I be the protector of a girl like you, alone—worse than alone—in this little cow town?"

She remained dumb at one or two points where he clearly hoped for a word, and she was unable to thank him when he had finished. In this silence a curious constriction came into his throat. It was almost as if he had put his passion into definite words, and as the light fell upon her he perceived that her bosom was heaving with deep emotion.

"I am lonely," she faltered out at last—"horribly lonely. And I know now how people feel toward my mother, and it hurts me—it all hurts me. But I'm going to stay and help her"—She paused to recover her voice. "And you do seem different. I—I trust you!"

"I'm glad you understand me, and you will let me know if I can help you, won't you?"

"Yes," she answered simply.

"Good night," he said, extending his hand.

She placed her palm to his quite frankly, but the touch of it made further speech at the moment impossible.

They went in with such telltale faces that even Redfield wondered what had passed between them.

Excusing himself almost at once, Cavanagh left the room, and when he looked in a few moments later he was clothed in the ranger's dusty green uniform, booted and spurred for his long, hard ride. Mrs. Redfield followed him into the hall and out on the doorstone to say: "Ross, you must be careful. This girl is very alluring in herself, but her mother, you know, is impossible."

"You're needlessly alarmed, as usual," he smilingly replied. "She interests me, that's patent. But beyond that, why, nonsense! Good night."

Nevertheless, despite his protestations, he went away up the trail with his mind so filled with Lee Virginia's appealing face and form that he would certainly have ridden over a precipice had it not been for his experienced pony, which had fortunately but one aim, and that was to cross the range safely and to reach the home pasture at the earliest moment.

Left alone Lee Virginia thought over her past. She was not entirely without experience as regards respectful courtship. Her life in the east had brought her to know a number of attractive lads and a few young men, some of these had become more than a good companion or friend, and, though she wrote to one or two of these youthful letters of the utmost friendliness, there was no passion in them, and she felt as yet the sting of nothing more intense in her liking for Cavanagh. But he meant more to her now that she was lonely and beleaguered.

That he had ridden all that long, rough way merely to see her she was not vain enough to believe, but she had nevertheless something of every woman's secret belief in her individual charms. Cavanagh had shown a flattering interest in her, and his wish to be her protector filled her with joy and confidence.

She heard a good deal more about this particular forest ranger next morning at breakfast. "He is throwing himself away," Mrs. Redfield passionately declared. "Think of a man of Ross' refinement living in a mountain shack miles from anybody, watching poachers, marking trees and cooking his own food! It's a shameful waste of genius."

"That's as you look at it, my dear," responded Redfield. "Ross is the guardian of an immense treasure chest which belongs to the nation. Furthermore, he is quite certain, as I am,

THE TOUCH OF IT MADE FURTHER SPEECH IMPOSSIBLE.

that this forest service is the policy of the future and that it offers fine chances for promotion, and then, finally, he likes it."

"That is all well enough for a young man, but Ross is at least thirty-five and should be thinking of settling down. I can't understand his point of view."

"My dear, you have never seen the procession of the seasons from such a point of view as that which he enjoys."

"No, and I do not care to. It is quite lonely enough for me right here."

Redfield looked at Lee with comic blankness. "Mrs. Redfield is hopelessly urban. As the wife of a forest supervisor she cares more for pavements and tramcars than for the most splendid mountain park."

"I most certainly do," his wife vigorously agreed, "and if I had my way we should be living in London."

"Listen to that! She's ten times more English than Mrs. Enderby."

"I'm not, but I long for the civilized instead of the wild. I like comfort and society."

"So do I," returned he.

"Yes; the comfort of an easy chair on the porch and the society of your forest rangers. This ranch life is all very well for a summer outing, but to be tied down here all the year round is to be denied one's birthright as a modern."

All this more or less cheerful complaint expressed the minds of many others who live amid these superb scenes. When autumn comes, when the sky is gray and the peaks are hid in mist, they long for the music, the lights, the comfort of the city. But when the April sun begins to go down in a smother of crimson and flame and the mountains loom with epic dignity, or when at dawn the air is like some divine food descending from the unstained mysterious heights, then the dweller in the foothills cries out: "How fortunate we are! Here are health and happiness! Here poverty is unknown!"

Mrs. Redfield was becoming more and more interested in Virginia, who had not merely the malodorous reputation of her mother to contend with, but the memory of a traitorous sire to live down, and when the girl went to her room to pack her bag the wife turned to her husband and said:

"Ross is terribly smitten with her."

Redfield coughed uneasily. "I hope not. Of course he admires her, as any man must. She's physically attractive, very attractive, and, besides, Ross is as susceptible as a cocker spaniel. He was deeply impressed the first time he saw her; I could see that."

"I didn't like his going out on the veranda with her last night," continued Mrs. Redfield, "and when they came in her eyes and color indicated that he'd been saying something exciting to her. Hugh, Ross Cavanagh must not get involved with that girl. It's your duty as his superior to warn him."

"He's fully grown, my dear, and a bit dictatorial on his own part. I'm a trifle timid about cutting in on his private affairs."

"Then I'll do it. Marriage with a girl like that is out of the question. Think what his sisters would say!"

Redfield smiled a bit satirically. "To the outsider a forest ranger at $900 a year and find himself and horses is not what you may call a brilliant catch."

"Oh, well, the outsider is no judge! Ross Cavanagh is a gentleman, and, besides, he's sure to be promoted. I acknowledge the girl's charms, and I don't understand it. When I think of her objectively as Lize Wetherford's girl I wonder at her being in my house. When I see her I want her to stay with me. I want to hug her."

"Perhaps we've been unjust to Lize all along," suggested Redfield. "She has remained faithful to Ed Wetherford's memory all these years—that is conceded. Doesn't that argue some unusual quality? How many women do we know who are capable of such loyalty? Come, now! Lize is a rough piece of goods, I'll admit, and her limited counter was a public nuisance, but she had the courage to send her girl away to be educated, denying herself the joy of seeing her develop by her side. We mustn't permit our prejudices to run away with us."

The girl's return put a stop to the discussion, which could end in nothing but confusion anyway.

CHAPTER IX.

THE DOCTOR SEES LIZE.

LEE VIRGINIA said goodby to Mrs. Redfield with grateful appreciation of her kindness, and especially of her invitation to come again, and there was in her eyes profoundly affected the older woman, who, with a friendliness which was something more than politeness, invited her to come again. "Whenever Roaring Fork gets on your nerves we'll be very glad to rescue you," she said in parting.

Hugh Redfield the girl thoroughly understood and loved, he was so simple hearted and so loyal. On the way to the office he said to Lee, "I will talk to the doctor if you like."

"I wish you would," she responded fervently.

She remained in the machine while he went in, and as she sat there a train passed on its downward eastward run, and a feeling of loneliness, of helplessness, filled her heart. Now that she was within sight of the railway the call of the east, the temptation to escape all her discomforts, was almost great enough to carry her away, but into her mind came the thought of the ranger riding his solitary way, and she turned her face to her own duties once more, comforted by the words of praise he had spoken and by the blaze of admiration in his eyes.

Redfield came out, followed by a small man carrying a neat bag.

"You'd better sit behind, doctor," said Redfield. "I shall be very busy on this trip."

"Very well," replied the other, "if Miss Wetherford remains beside me; otherwise I shall rebel."

He began by asking a few questions about her mother's way of life, but as Lee was not very explicit he became impersonal and talked of whatsoever came into his mind—motorcars, irrigation, hunting, flowers, anything at all—and the girl had nothing to do but to utter an occasional phrase to show that she was listening. It was all rather depressing to her, for she could not understand how a man so garrulous could be a good physician. She was quite sure her mother would not treat him with the slightest respect.

After all, he talked well. His stream of conversation shortened the way for her. Soon they were rolling quietly up the street to the door of the Wetherford House.

They found Lize on duty behind the counter, as usual. Her face was dejected, her eyes dull, but as she caught sight of the strange little man she cried out, "Why didn't you bring me a man, Bedsy?"

"Hush, mother!" cautioned Lee. "This is the famous eastern physician."

"You can't be famous for your beauty; you must be brainy," she remarked to herself in the stranger's hearing.

Redfield presen. "Dr. Fessenden of Omaha."

She started again on contemptuous ays, but was stopped by the little man. "Get down out of that chair!" he continued with "My life or money."

Lize dashed with surprise and anger, but obeyed, and Lee Virginia, secretly delighted with the physician's imperative manner, led the way into the lodging house. "I'll look after the sick mother," she said. "Don't worry."

"I'm not worrying," she replied. "But what does that little whelp mean by talking to me like that? I'll swat him one if he isn't careful."

"It's his way. Please don't anger him. You need his help."

The doctor interfered. "Now, madam, strip and let's see what's the matter with you," whereupon he laid off his coat and opened his box of instruments.

Lee fled, and Redfield, who had remained standing beside the counter, could not repress a smile. "She's caught a tartar this time."

"Poor mother! How dreadfully ill she looks today! I hope the doctor will order her to rest."

"But will she obey? I've argued that with her. She keeps saying she will, but she won't."

It was nearly 1, but the customers were coming in, and the girl, laying

"GET DOWN OUT OF THAT CHAIR!"

aside her hat and veil, took her seat at the cash register, while Redfield went out to put his machine in order for the return trip. She realized that she was now at close hand grapple with life.

Her glowing cheeks, her pretty dress made her a shining mark, and the men began at once to improve their opportunity by asking, "Where's Lize?" And this embarrassed her, for the reason that she did not care to go into the cause of her mother's temporary absence.

Perceiving her nervousness, Neill Ballard raised loud outcry over a mistake she made in returning change, and this so confused and angered her that her eyes misted with tears, and she blundered sadly with the next customer. His delight in her discomfiture, his words, his grin, became unendurable, and in a flush of rage and despair she sprang to her feet and left them to make triumphant exit. "I got her rattled," he roared as he went out. "She'll remember me."

The diners were all smiling, and Gregg took a malicious satisfaction in her defeat. She had held herself haughtily apart from him, and he was glad to see her humbled.

Leaving her place behind the counter, she walked through the room with uplifted head and burning eyes, her heart filled with bitterness and fire. She hated the whole town, the whole state at the moment. Were these "the chivalrous short grass knights" she had heard so much about—these the long souled "western founders of empire?"

At the moment she was in the belief that all the heroes of her childhood had been of the stamp of Neil Ballard.

In the hall her pride was restored, duty, came back to her, and she halted her fleeing feet. "I will not be beaten," she declared, and her lips straightened. "I will not let these dreadful creatures make a fool of me in that way."

Thereupon she turned and went back, pale pow, but resolved to prove herself the mistress of the situation. Fortunately Redfield had returned, and his serene presence helped her to recover complete control of herself. She remained coldly blank to every compliment, and by this means she subdued them.

The doctor, appearing suddenly in the door, beckoned to her, and, leaving her place, she crossed to where he stood. "Your mother needs you," he said curtly. "Go to her and keep her quiet for an hour or two if you can."

"What is the matter, doctor?"

"I can't tell you precisely, but you must get her on a diet and keep her there. I will write out some lists for you after my luncheon."

Lee found her mother sitting in such dejection as she had never known her to display, though she fired up sufficiently to say: "That cussed little thimblerigger had been throwing a great big scare into me. He says I've got to get outdoors, live on raw meat and weak tea and walk five miles a day. That's what he says," she added in renewed astonishment at the man's audacity. "Who's at the ranch?"

"Mr. Redfield," replied Lee. "I'll go right back."

"No, you won't. I'm no dead horse yet." She struggled to her feet and started for the cash register. "I won't let no little Omaha doughie like that put me out of business."

Despite all warnings she walked out into the dining room and took her accustomed seat with set and stern face.

While her daughter went to the table where the doctor sat and explained her instructions Lize made her report.

"That's your problem," he replied coolly. Then rapidly, succinctly and clearly he went over the case and laid out a course of treatment. Out of it all Lee deduced that her mother was very ill indeed, though not in danger of sudden death.

"She's on the chute," said Fessenden, "and everything depends upon her own action whether she takes the plunge this winter or twenty years from now. She's a strong woman, or has been, but she has presumed upon her strength. She used to live out of doors, she tells me, during all her early life, and now, shut in by these walls, living sixteen hours a day, she is killing herself. Get her out if you can and cut out stimulants."

As he rose and approached the counter Lize showed a couple of gold pieces between her fingers. "Take 'em and get off my map," she grimly declared. "I hope you enjoyed your ride."

"It's up to you, madam," he replied, pocketing the gold. "Good day!"

"I'll be blowed again in a day or two," called Redfield.

The machine began to pur and spit and the wheels to spin, and Lee Virginia was left to face her mother's ultimate resistance alone. She felt suddenly very desolate, very weak and very poor. "What if mother should die?" she asked herself.

Gregg was standing before the counter talking with Lize as Lee returned, and he said, with a broad smile, "I've just been saying I'd take this hotel off your mother's hands provided you went with it."

In the mouths of some men these words would have been harmless enough, but coming from the tongue of one whose life could only be obscurely hinted at the jest was an insult. The girl shuddered with repulsion, and Lize spoke out:

"Now, see here, Bullfrog, I'm dead on the hoof and all that, but neither you nor any other citizen like you can be fussy with my girl. She's not for you. Now, that's final! She ain't your kind."

She turned to Lee. "I'm hungry. Where's that grub chart of mine?"

Lee brought the doctor's page of notes and read it through, while her mother snorted at intervals: "Hah! Dry toast, weak tea, no coffee, no alcohol. Huh! I might as well starve! Eggs—fish—milk! Why didn't he say boiled live lobsters and champagne? I tell you right now I'm not going to go into that kind of a game. If I die I'm going to die eating what I blame please!"

The struggle had begun. With desperate courage Lee fought, standing squarely in the rut of her mother's daily habit. "You must not live up here any longer," she insisted. "You must get out and walk and ride. I can take care of the house, at least till we can sell it."

It was like breaking the pride of an athlete, but little by little she forced upon her mother a realization of her true condition, and at last Lize consented to offer the business for sale.

Lee longed for the presence of Ross Cavanagh at this moment, when all her little world seemed tumbling into ruin, and almost in answer to her wordless prayer came a messenger from the little telephone office, "Some one wants to talk to you."

She answered this call hurriedly, thinking at first that it must be Mrs. Redfield. The booth was in the little sitting room of a private cottage, and the mistress of the place, a shrewd little woman with inquisitive eyes, said, "Sounds to me like Ross Cavanagh's voice."

Lee was thankful for the booth's privacy, for her cheeks flamed up at this remark, and when she took up the receiver her hand was trembling so hard it seemed as if the person at the other end of the wire must hear it. "Who is it, please?" she asked, with breathless intensity.

A man's voice came back over the wire so clear, so distinct, so intimate, it seemed as if he were speaking into her ear. "It is I, Ross Cavanagh. I want to ask how your mother is."

"She is terribly disheartened by what the doctor has said, but she is in no immediate danger."

He perceived her agitation and was instantly sympathetic. "Can I be of use? Do you need me? If you do I'll come down."

"Where are you?"

"I am at the sawmill, the nearest telephone station."

"How far away are you?"

"About thirty miles."

"Oh!" She expressed in this little sound her disappointment, and as it trembled over the wire he spoke quickly: "Please tell me! Do you want me to come down? Never mind the distance. I can ride it in a few hours."

She was tempted, but bravely said: "No; I'd like to see you, of course, but the doctor said mother was in no danger. You must not come on our account."

He felt the wonder of the moment's intercourse over the wilderness steeps and said so. "You can't imagine how strangely sweet and civilized your voice sounds to me here in this savage place. It makes me hope that some day you and Mrs. Redfield will come up and visit me in person."

"I should like to come."

"Perhaps it would do your mother good to camp for awhile. Can't you persuade her to do so?"

"I'm trying to do that—I mean, to stop work—but she says, 'What can we do to earn a living?'"

"If nothing happens I hope to spend an hour or two at the Fork next Sunday. I hope to find your mother better."

Their words were of this inconsequential sort, but in their voices something subtler than the electrical current vibrated. He called to her in wordless fashion, and she answered in the same wordless code, and when she said "Goodby!" and hung up the receiver her face went suddenly gray and commonplace, as if a ray of special sunlight had been withdrawn.

CHAPTER X.

THE POACHERS.

ONE morning as he topped the rise between the sawmill and his own station Cavanagh heard two rifle shots in quick succession snapping across the high peak on his left. Bringing his horse to a stand, he unslung his field glasses and slowly and minutely swept the tawny slopes of Sheep mountain, from which the forbidden sounds seemed to come.

A herder shooting coyotes," was his first thought. Then, remembering that there were no camps in that direction and that a flock of mountain sheep (which he had been guarding carefully habitually fed round that grassy peak, he said aloud, "I wonder if those fellows are after those sheep," he mused as he angled down the slope. "I reckon it's up to me to see."

In less than three hours he was over on the trail in the canyon, quite certain that the hunters were still above him. He rode quietly up the valley, pausing often to listen and to scrutinize the landscape, but no sign of campfire and no further rifle shots came, and at last he went into camp upon the trail, resolved to wait till the poachers appeared, a ward which his experience as a soldier helped him to maintain without nodding.

In these long hours his thought played about the remembrance of his last visit to the Fork and his hour with Lee. He wondered what she was doing at the moment. How charming she had looked there at Redfields'—so girlish in form, so serious and womanly of face!

He felt as never before the ineludible loneliness of the ranger's life. The guardians of these high places must forever be solitary. No ranger could rightfully be husband and father, for to bring women and children into these solitudes would be cruel.

He put all this aside—for the time—by remembering that he was a soldier under orders and that marriage was a long way off, and so smoked his pipe and waited for the dawn, persistent as a Sioux and as silent as a fox.

At daylight, there being still no sign of his quarry, he saddled his horse and was about to ride up the trail when he caught the sound of voices and the sharp click of iron hoofs on the rocks above him. With his horse's bridle in his arm he awaited the approaching horsemen, resolute and ready to act.

As the marauders rounded the elbow in the trail he was surprised to

HE AWAITED THE APPROACHING HORSEMEN, RESOLUTE AND READY TO ACT.

recognize in the leader young Gregg The other man was a stranger, an older man, with a grizzled beard, and tall and stooping figure.

"Hello, Joe!" called the ranger "You're astir early!"

The youth's face for a moment remained turbulent, but his eyes betrayed uneasiness. "Yes, it's a long pull into town."

"Been hunting?" queried the ranger.

(Continued on page 6)

INTERESTING COMPARISON BETWEEN COUNTIES IN DAIRY PRODUCTS.

The figures presented by Thos. Hicks, Chief Produce Grader in the Dominion Department of Agriculture, during the recent convention of the Dairymen of Eastern Ontario in Kingston, in discussing the grading of butter and cheese were of considerable interest.

In the production of high-class pasteurized butter during 1927, Prince Edward Island leads the provinces.

Quebec produced 294,197 boxes of butter, being the biggest producer. Manitoba was second as a producer, with 157,671 boxes; Saskatchewan third with 133,560 boxes; Ontario next with 47,179; Alberta, 37,838; Prince Edward Island, 9,508; Nova Scotia, 632; British Columbia, 195, and New Brunswick 108 boxes of butter.

In the production of high grade cheese, according to the figures presented by the Chief Grader, Ontario leads with 1,404,133 boxes, Prince Edward Island, 16,099 boxes, Manitoba 2,876, and Quebec 413,061 boxes, these second to Ontario, so far as actual production was concerned. New Brunswick produced 164 boxes, Nova Scotia, Saskatchewan, Alberta and British Columbia had no cheese graded.

The total amount of cheese graded in the Dominion, according to these figures, was 1,472,333 boxes, 87.4 boxes grading as special and first; 8% second and 0.8% third.

According to the report of Mr. Hicks, Eastern Ontario was the district of the province with the greatest production of cheese in Ontario, although the percentage grading special and first was the lowest by a small margin.

The figures presented by Mr. Hicks regarding the standing of the different counties of Eastern Ontario in the production of high class cheese are of great interest.

The standing, with other detail is as follows.

County.	No. of boxes.	% Graded special and first.	No. of factories.	Factories with 100% special and first
Lanark	40,467	96.0	30	4
Northumberland	40,134	95.4	30	2
Hastings	84,019	94.9	65	5
Stormont	47,874	94.4	38	2
Frontenac	64,864	94.2	49	—
Carleton	59,498	94.1	43	1
Glengary	68,800	93.8	65	1
Nipissing District	6,282	93.2	11	—
Russell	71,674	92.3	54	1
Prince Edward	16,265	92.2	17	1
Prescott	91,799	92.1	67	3
Lennox and Addington	47,881	91.6	13	—
Peterboro	17,343	91.2	24	—
Leeds	88,833	90.4	71	3
Victoria	2,929	89.5	5	—
Durham	280	88.9	2	—
Dundas	71,441	87.2	50	2
Renfrew	9,633	85.7	11	1
Grenville	24,329	85.6	28	—

VALUABLE ART WORKS.

Are On the List of Swiss National Monuments.

One of the most illustrious of the Italian refugees who fled to Ticino to escape the Spanish oppression in Milan more than 400 years ago was Francesco Melzi, an intimate friend and pupil of the great Leonard da Vinci, and in recognition of the kindness of the people of Capriasca he decorated their churches with frescoes of infinite beauty.

Over the altar in the church of St. Ambrosio is a copy of da Vinci's "Last Supper" and experts have described it as the world's best replica of the world's greatest painting. Unlike the original at Milan it is in a state of perfect preservation and reveals almost as fresh and vivid as when it was painted.

Although the art treasures of Capriasco have been known to connoisseurs for some time they have escaped public attention owing to the village being off the beaten track of tourists. The interest of the authorities was recently stimulated by the investigations of an English painter who drew attention to the value of the works and they are now on the list of Swiss national monuments and cannot be removed.

FUNGUS INVADES NORWAY.

Gooseberry Plants Are Affected by American Mildew.

Gooseberry plants in Norway must acquire resistance to an American fungus—or die. This is the conclusion of Dr. Ivar Jorstad. The fungus in the case is the one that causes gooseberry mildew. Until a quarter of a century ago it was unknown outside of America. Then, it was introduced into Europe and has now spread to most European gooseberry regions.

Where the fungus reached Europe it found itself in a most congenial environment. The varieties of gooseberries there had never been exposed to the mildew in their whole process of evolution. Practically all of them were susceptible. The fungus spread rapidly from farm to farm. Behind it the gooseberry plantations were ruined.

The agricultural authorities of Norway prohibited further importation of gooseberry plants. They also established quarantines inside of Norway in an effort to prevent the transportation of plants from the infected to non-infected areas.

In Dr. Jorstad's opinion this action was taken at least two years too late. The importation of such plants could be controlled, but there was no very good way to make the fungus obey the laws. The spores of the mildew could be carried by farm and seed and spread the disease locally about Norway. Also inter-district quarantines can not be enforced very completely.

Trains In the Wash.

Railway carriages are now cleaned by an electric washer at the Ealing Common depot of the London Underground Railways. This new machine consists of cloth wipers saturated by water sprays, and capable of revolving 60 times a minute, suspended from eight vertical rods in two rows of four a-side.

The cars to be cleaned pass between these wipers at a speed of one and a half miles an hour, and the revolving cloth strips that rotate alternately in opposite directions are whirled vigorously against the sides of the cars.

To complete the wash the cars are passed through a powerful spray.

Did You Ever Stop to Think

——Just what a ten dollar bill which a farmer spends in his home town may accomplish? Let us follow it around. Probably the dry goods merchant gets it first. He passes it on to the hardware merchant in payment of an account. The hardware merchant pays it in wages to one of his employees. This employee pays it to his landlady, who pays a grocery bill with it. The grocer can then pay his butcher. The butcher passes this on to his produce merchant, and this produce merchant, buying largely from the farmer, passes this ten dollars back to the farmer, from whom it originally came. Thus it has, in its ramblings among the home town people served many useful purposes and yet it is still in the community to again serve.

If Sent Away to Distant Merchants

——That ten dollar bill is gone for good. It may serve to build up the large city elsewhere. But so far as the home community is concerned its usefulness is at an end, and the community has been drained of just that much working capital.

When in Need of Printing

——Remember that orders left with your home town printer will serve to pay wages of workmen who in turn spend this money with local business houses, thus serving to maintain that round of business which is necessary in order that rural towns throughout Canada may flourish and prosper.

The Napanee Express Printing House

Issued by the Canadian Weekly Newspaper Association

313 Manning Chambers, Toronto.

Cavanagh Forest Ranger

(Continued from page 5)

still with cheery, polite interest.

"Oh, no; just visiting one of my sheep camps."

Cavanagh's voice was a little less suave. "Not on this creek," he declared. "I moved your herder last week." He walked forward. "That's a heavy load for a short trip to a sheep camp." He put his hand on the pack. "I guess you'll have to open this, for I heard two shots yesterday morning up where that flock of mountain sheep is running, and, furthermore, I can see blood stains on this saddle blanket."

Gregg whirled out a hand in command. "Open it up, Edwards!" he said sullenly.

Off came the outfit, and under the tent lay the noble head of a wild ram, a look of reproach still in his splendid yellow eyes.

Cavanagh's face hardened. "I thought so. Now heave it back and cinch up. It's you to the nearest magistrate, which happens to be Higley of Roaring Fork. I'll make an example of you fellows."

There was nothing for Gregg to say and nothing for Edwards to do but obey, for a resolute ranger with an excellent weapon of the latest and most approved angular pattern stood ready to enforce his command, and when the pack was reclinched Cavanagh waved an imperative hand. "I guess I'll have to take charge of your guns," he said, and they yielded without a word of protest. "Now march! Take the left hand trail."

A couple of hours of silent travel brought them to the ranger's cabin, and there he ordered a dismount.

As the coffee was boiling he lectured them briefly. "You fellows are not entirely to blame," he reluctantly philosophically. "You've been educated to think a game warden a joke and Uncle Sam a long way off. But things have changed a bit. The law of the state has made me game warden, and I'm going to show you how it works. It's my duty to see that you go down the road—and down you go!"

Edwards, the guide, was plainly very uneasy and made several attempts to reach Cavanagh's private ear and at last succeeded. "I've been fooled into this," he urged. "I was hard up and a stranger in the country, and this young fellow hired me to guide him across the range. I didn't shoot a thing. I swear I didn't. If you'll let me off I'll hit the trail to the west and never look back. I don't take me down the road. Let me off!"

"I can't do that," replied Cavanagh, but his tone was kindlier, for he perceived that the old fellow was thin, hollow-cheeked and poorly clad. "You knew you were breaking the laws, didn't you?"

This the culprit admitted. "But I was working for Sam Gregg, and when Joe asked me to go show him the trail I didn't expect to get cinched for killing game. I didn't fire a shot—now that's the truth."

"Nevertheless," retorted Ross, "you were packing the head, and I must count you in the game."

Edwards fell silent then, but something in his look deepened the ranger's pity. His eyes were hot and dark, and his face so emaciated that he seemed fit only for a sanitarium.

The trip to the Fork (timed to the gait of a lame horse) was a tedious eight hours' march, and it was nearly 7 o'clock when they arrived at the outskirts of the village.

To the casual observer in a town of this character there was nothing especially noticeable in three horsemen driving a pack horse, but to those whose eyes were keen the true relationship of the ranger to his captives was instantly apparent, and when he alighted at Judge Higley's office a bunch of eager observers quickly collected.

"Hello, Joe! What luck?" called Ballard.

"Our luck was a little too good—we caught a game warden," replied the young scapegrace.

The ranger was chagrined to find the office of the justice closed for the day and, turning to his captives, said: "I'm hungry, and I've no doubt you are. I'm going to take you into Mike Halsey's saloon for supper, but remember you are my prisoners."

In fifteen minutes the town was rumbling with the news. Under Ballard's sly drivelry all the latent hatred of the ranger and all the concealed opposition to the forest service came to the surface like the scum on a pot of broth. The saloons and eating houses boiled with indignant protest. "What business is it of Ross Cavanagh's?" they demanded. "What call has he to interfere? He's not a game warden."

"Yes, he is. All these rangers are game wardens," corrected another.

"No, they're not. They have to be commissioned by the governor."

"Well, he's been commissioned. He's warden all right."

"I don't believe it. Anyhow, he's too fresh. He needs to have a bait. Let's do him. Let's bluff him out."

Lee Virginia was in the kitchen superintending the service when one of the waiters came in breathless with excitement. "Ross Cavanagh has shot Joe Gregg for killing sheep!"

Lee faced her with blanched face. "Who told you so?"

"They're all talking about it out there. Gee, but they're hot! Some of 'em want to lynch him."

Lee hurried out into the dining room, which was crowded with men and voicing deep excitement.

A half dozen men were standing before the counter talking with Lize, but Lee pushed in to inquire with white, inquiring face: "What is it all about? What has happened?"

"Nothing much," Lize replied contemptuously, "but you'd think a horse had been stole. Ross has nipped Joe Gregg and one of his herders for killing mountain sheep."

"Do you mean he shot them?"

"Yes; he took their heads."

Lee stood aghast. "What do you mean? Whose heads?"

Lize laughed. "The sheep's heads.

Do you take Yeast for your health?

If so, use ROYAL YEAST CAKES —the standard of quality for over 50 years. Soak a cake of Royal Yeast, with a little sugar, in tepid water over night. Stir well, strain and drink the liquid. Flavor is improved by adding the juice of an orange.

ROYAL YEAST CAKES

Oh, don't be scared! No one is hurt yet."

The girl flushed with confusion as the men roared over her blunder. One of the girls told me Ross Cavanagh had killed a man," she explained. "Where is he?"

Lize betrayed annoyance. "They say he's taking supper at Mike Halsey's, though why he didn't come here I don't see. What's he going to do?" she asked. "Won't the marshal take the men off his hands?"

"Not without warrant from Higley, and Higley is out of town. Ross'll have to hold 'em till Higley gets back or else take 'em over to Chauvenet," Lize snorted. "Old Higley! Yes, he's been known to disappear before when there was some real work to be done."

Lee went back to her own park with a vague sense of alarm. "Certainly they will not dare to interfere with an officer in the discharge of his duties," she thought. She was eager to see him, and the thought that he might be obliged to ride away to Chauvenet without a word to her gave her a deeper feeling of annoyance and unrest. That he was in any real danger she could not believe.

It was disheartening to Cavanagh to see how some of the most influential citizens contrived to give encouragement to the riotous element of the town. A wink, a gesture, a careless word to the proper messenger, conveyed to the saloon rounders an assurance of sympathy which inflamed their resentment to the murderous point. It was confessedly one of the worst communities in the state.

"Let's run Cavanagh!" was the suggestion of several of Gregg's friends.

The fact that the ranger was a commissioned officer of the law and that the ram's head had been found on the poacher's pack made very little difference to these irresponsible instigators to assault. It was wonderful how highly that loafing young rascal, Joe Gregg, was prized at the moment. "It's an outrage that the son of a leading citizen should be held up in this way by one of the forestry Cossacks," declared one of the saloonists.

The discussion which took place over the bars of the town was at the riot heat by 9 o'clock, and soon after 10 a crowd of howling, whooping bad boys and disreputable ranch hands were parading the walks, breathing out vile threats against the ranger.

Accustomed to men of this type, Cavanagh watched them come and go at Halsey's bar with calculating eyes. "There will be no trouble for an hour or two, but meanwhile what is to be done? Higley is not to be found, and the town marshal is also 'out of town.'" To Halsey he said: "I am acting, as you know, under both federal and state authority, and I call upon you as a law abiding citizen to aid me in holding these men prisoners. I shall camp right here till morning or until the magistrate or the marshal relieves me of my culprits."

Halsey was himself a sportsman—a genuine lover of hunting and a fairly consistent upholder of the game laws; but, perceiving that the whole town had apparently lined up in opposition to the ranger, he lost courage. His consort was half hearted, and he edged away toward the front window of his barroom, nervously seeking to be neutral—"to carry water on both shoulders," as the phrase goes.

The talk grew less jocular as the drinks took effect, and Neill Ballard, separating himself from the crowd, came forward, calling loudly: "Come out of there, Joe! Come out and have a drink!"

His words conveyed less of battle than his tone. He was, in fact, urging a revolt, and Cavanagh knew it.

Gregg rose as if to comply. The ranger stopped him.

"Keep your seat," said he, and to Ballard he warningly remarked, "And you keep away from my prisoners."

"Do you own this saloon?" retorted the fellow truculently. "I reckon Halsey's customers have some rights. What are you doing here, anyway? This is no jail."

"Halsey has given me the privilege of holding my prisoners here till the justice is found. It isn't my fault that the town is without judge or jail." He was weakened by the knowledge that Halsey had only half consented to aid justice, but his pride was roused, and he was determined upon carrying his arrest to its legitimate end. "I'm going to see that these men are punished if I have to carry them to Sulphur City," he added.

"Smash the lights!" shouted some one at the back.

Here was the first real note of war, and Ross cried out sharply, "If a man lifts a hand toward the light I'll cut it off!"

There was a stealthy movement in the crowd, and, leaping upon the counter, a reckless cub reached for the lamp.

Cavanagh's revolver shattered the globe in the fellow's very palm. "Get down from there!" he commanded.

CHAPTER XI.

LIZE PLAYS A MAN'S PART—ALSO LEE.

THE mob besieging Cavanagh in Halsey's saloon had not found its leader. It hesitated and blustered, but did not strike and eventually edged out of the door and disappeared. But the silence which followed its retreat was more alarming to the ranger than its presence. Some sier mischief was in these minds. He feared that they were about to cut the electric light wires and so plunge him into darkness, and to prepare for that emergency he called upon the bartender (Halsey having vanished) for a lamp or a lantern.

The fellow sullenly set about this task, and Ross, turning to Gregg, said, "If you're any influence with this mob you'd better use it to keep them out of mischief, for I'm on this job to the bitter end, and somebody's going to be hurt."

Gregg, who seemed quite detached from the action and rather delighted with it, replied: "I have no influence. They don't care a hang about me. They have it for you, that's all."

Edwards remained silent, with his hat drawn low over his eyes. It was evident that he was anxious to avoid being seen and quite willing to keep out of the conflict; but, with the handcuffs and the back door of the saloon unguarded, Ross was aware that his guard must be incessant and alertly vigilant.

"Such a thing could not happen under the English flag," he said to himself, and at the moment his adopted country seemed a miserable makeshift. Only the thought of Bedfeld and the chief nerved him for the long vigil. "The chief will understand if it comes up to him," he said.

Lize Wetherford came hurrying in looking as though she had just risen from her bed. She was clothed in a long red robe, her grizzled hair was loose, her feet were bare, and she carried a huge old fashioned revolver in her hand. Her mouth was stern.

Stopping abruptly as she caught sight of Ross standing in the middle of the floor unhurt, she exclaimed: "There you are! Are you all right?"

"As a trivet," he replied.

She let her gun hand relax. "What was the shooting?"

"A little bluff on my part."

"Anybody hurt?"

"No."

She was much relieved. "I was afraid they'd got you. I came as quick as I could. I was abed. That fool doctor threw a chill into me, and I've been going to rest early according to orders. I didn't hear your gun, but Lee did, and she came to tell me. Don't let 'em get behind you. If I was any good I'd stay and help. What you going to do—hold your men here all night?"

"I don't see any other way. Halsey turned the place over to me, but"— He looked about him suspiciously.

"Bring 'em into my place. Lee has had new locks put on our doors; they'll help some."

"I don't like to do that, Mrs. Wetherford," he replied, with greater respect

"THERE YOU ARE! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?"

than he had ever shown her before. "They may attack me there."

"All the better; I'll be on hand to help. But they're less likely to boil in on you through a locked door."

"But your daughter? It will alarm her."

"She'll be in the other house, and, besides, she'd feel easier if you are in my place. She's all wrought up by the attack on you."

Ross turned to his prisoners. "Follow Mrs. Wetherford and—eyes front!"

"You needn't worry about me," said Joe. "I won't run."

"I don't intend to give you a chance," replied Ross.

Edwards seemed to have lost in both courage and physical stature. He slouched along with shuffling step, his head bent and his face pale. Ross was now profoundly sorry for him, so utterly craven and broken was his look.

At Ross brought his two prisoners to the Wetherford House Lee was waiting on the porch of the hotel, tense with excitement, straining her ears and eyes to see what was taking place.

The night had started with a small sickle of moon, but this had dropped below the range, leaving the street dark save where the lights from the windows of the all night eating houses and saloons lay out upon the walk, and while she stood peering out the sound of rancorous howling and shrill whooping came to her ears with such suggestion of ferocity that she shivered.

A few of the hotel guests had gone to bed, but the women were up, excited and nervous, starting at every fresh outburst of whooping, knowing that their sons or husbands were out in the street "to see the fun" and that they might meet trouble.

At last Lee discerned her mother returning from Halsey's, followed by three men. Withdrawing from the little porch whereon she had been standing, she re-entered the house to meet her mother in the hall. "Where is Mr. Cavanagh?" she asked.

"Out in the dining room. You see Mike Halsey is no kind of use. He vamosed and left Ross down there alone with his two prisoners and the lights likely to be turned out on him, so I offered the caffy as a calaboose. They are sure in for a long and tedious night."

Lee was alarmed at her mother's appearance. "You must go to bed. You look ghastly."

"I reckon I'd better lay down for a little while, but I can't sleep. Ross may need me. There isn't a man to help him but me, and that loafer Ballard is full of gall. He's got it in for Ross and will make trouble if he can."

"What can we do?"

"Shoot!" replied Lize, with dry brevity. "I wouldn't mind a chance to plug some of the sweet citizens of this town. I owe them one or two."

With this sentence in her ears Lee Virginia went to her bed, but not to slumber. Her utter inability either to control her mother's action or to influence that of the mob added to her uneasiness.

The singing, shouting, trampling of the crowd went on, and once a group of men halted just outside her window, and she heard Neill Ballard noisily, drunkenly arguing as to the most effective method of taking the prisoners.

"Come on, boys!" said Ballard, his voice filled with reckless determination. "Let's run him out!"

As they passed the girl sprang up and went to her mother's room to warn her of the threatened attack.

Lize was already awake and calmly loading a second revolver by the light of the electric bulb. A jarring blow was heard. "Hear that? They're breaking in!" said Lize. She started to leave the room.

Lee stopped her. "Where are you going?"

"To help Ross. Here!" She thrust the handle of a smaller weapon into Lee's hand. "Ed Wetherford ought to be able to take care of herself. Come on!"

With a most unheroic horror benumbing her limbs, Lee followed her mother through the hall. The clamor of shouts and the trampling of feet could be heard, and she came out into the restaurant just in time to photograph upon her brain a scene whose significance was at once apparent. On a chair between his two prisoners and confronting Ballard at the head of a crowd of frenzied villains stood the ranger, a gleaming weapon in his hand, a look of resolution on his face.

What he had said or what he intended to do she did not learn, for her mother rushed at the invaders with the mad bravery of a she bear. "Get out of here!" she snarled, thrusting her revolver into the very mouth of the leader.

They all fell back in astonishment and fear.

Ross leaped to her side. "Leave them to me!" he said. "I'll clear the room."

"Not on your life! This is my house, I have the right to smash the fools." And she beat them over the heads with her pistol barrel.

Recognizing that she was minded to kill, they retreated over the threshold, and Ross, drawing the door close behind them, turned to find Lee Virginia confronting Edwards, who had attempted to escape into the kitchen. The girl's face was white, but the eye in her revolver stared straight and true into her prisoner's face.

With a bound Ross seized him and flung him against the wall. "Get back there!" he shouted. "You must take your medicine with your boss."

The old fellow hurriedly replaced his ragged hat and, folding his arms, sank back into his chair with lowered head, while Lize turned upon Joe Gregg. "What did you go into this kind of deal for? You knew what the game laws was, didn't you? Your old dad is all for state regulation, and here you are breaking a state law. Why don't you stand up for the code like a sport?"

Joe, who had been boasting of the smile he had drawn from Lee, did not relish this tongue lashing from her mother; but, assuming a careless air, he said, "I'm all out of smokes; get me a box, that's a good old soul."

Lize regarded him with the expression of one nonplused. "You impudent little cub!" she exclaimed. "What you need is a booting!"

The ranger addressed himself to Lee. "I want to thank you for a very opportune intervention. I didn't know you could handle a gun so neatly."

She flushed with pleasure. "Oh, yes, I can shoot. My father taught me when I was only six years old."

TO WOMEN OF MIDDLE AGE

Mrs. Wilson's Experience a Guide to Women Passing through the Change of Life

Hamilton, Ontario. — "I have taken several bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and I cannot say too much or too highly of it as I was at the Change of Life and was all run-down and had no appetite. I was very weak and sick, and the pains in my back were so bad I could hardly move. I got very sad at times and thought I had not a friend on earth. I did not care if I lived or died. I was very nervous, too, and did not go out very much. A friend advised me to try a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, so I did. I am a farmer's wife, and always worked hard until lately, and was in bed for two months. I began to feel like a new woman after the first bottle and I recommend it with great success, also Lydia E. Pinkham's Liver Pills. I am willing to answer letters from women asking about your medicines, as I cannot speak too highly of them."—Mrs. EMMA WILSON, 471 Wilson Street, Hamilton, Ontario.

Sold by druggists everywhere. C

THE EYE OF HER REVOLVER STARED STRAIGHT INTO HER PRISONER'S FACE.

As she spoke Ross caught the man Edwards studying them with furtive glance, but upon being observed he resumed his crouching attitude, when concealed his face beneath the rim of his weather worn hat. It was evident that he was afraid of being recognised. He had the slinking air of the convict, and his form, so despairing in its lax lines, appealed to Lee with even greater poignancy than his face. "I'm sorry," she said to him, "but it was my duty to help Mr. Cavanagh."

He glanced up with a quick sidewise slant. "That's all right, miss; I should have had sense enough to keep out of this business." He spoke with difficulty, and his voice was hoarse with emotion.

Lize turned to Lee. "The doc said 'no liquor,' but I guess here's where I draw one. I feel faint."

Ross hurried to her side, while young Gregg tendered a handsome flask. "Here's something."

Lize put it away. "Not from you. Just reach under my desk, Ross; you'll find some brandy there. That's it," she called as he produced a bottle. Clutching it eagerly, she added, "They say it's poison, but it's my meat tonight." Little remained of the woman in Lize, and the old sheep herder eyed her with furtive curiosity.

"I was afraid you'd shoot," Lize explained to Ross, "and I didn't want you to muss up your hands on the dirty loafers. I had the right to kill. They were trespassers, and I'd 'a' done it too."

"I don't think they intended to actually assault me," he said, "but it's a bit discouraging to find the town so indifferent over both the breaking of the laws and the doings of a drunken mob. I'm afraid the most of them are a long way from law abiding people yet."

Joe, who did not like the position in which he stood as respecting Lee, here made an offer of aid. "I don't suppose my word is any good now, but if you'll let me do it I'll go out and round up Judge Higley. I think I know where he is."

To this Lize objected. "You can't do that, Ross; you better hold the fort here till morning."

Lee was rather sorry, too, for young Gregg, who bore his buffeting with the imperturbable face of the heroes of his class. He had gone into this engagement with much the same spirit in which he had stolen gates and misplaced signs during his brief college career, and he was now disposed (in the presence of a pretty girl) to carry it out with unlimited impudence. "It only means a fine, anyway," he assured himself.

Cavanagh did not trust Gregg, either, and as this was the first time he had been called upon to arrest men for killing game out of season he could not afford to fail of any precaution. Tired and sleepy as he was he must remain on guard. "Get some rest, you daughter must go to bed at once," he urged.

Lize, under the spur of her dram, talked on with bitter boldness, berating the whole people. Gregg listened to her with expressionless visage, his eyes dreamily fixed on Lee's face, but his companion, the old herder, seemed to palpitate with shame and fear. And Ross had the feeling at the moment that in this ragged, unkempt old hobo was the skeleton of one of the old time heroes. He was wasted with drink and worn by wind and rain, but he was very far from being commonplace.

CHAPTER XII.

THE LAW STEPS IN.

"HERE they come again!" called Lize as the hurry of feet along the walk threatened another attack. Ross Cavanagh again drew his revolver and stood at guard, and Lize, recovering her own weapon, took a place by his side.

With the strength of a bear the new assailant shook the bolted door. "Let me in!" he roared.

"It's Neill!" cried young Gregg. "Go away, you chump!"

"Let me in or I'll smash this door!" retorted Gregg.

"You smash that door, old Bullfrog," announced Lize, "and I'll carry one of your lungs away. If you want to get in here you hunt up the judge of this town and the constable."

The old rancher muttered a fierce curse, while Ross explained the situation. "I'm as eager to get rid of these culprits as any one can be, but they must be taken by proper authority. Bring a writ from the magistrate and you may have them and welcome."

Gregg went away without further word, and Lize said: "He'll find Higley if he's in town, and he is in town. I saw him this afternoon. He's hiding out to save himself trouble."

Lee Virginia, with an understanding of what the ranger had endured, asked: "Can't I get you something to eat? Would you like some coffee?"

"I would indeed," he answered, and his tone pleased her.

She hurried away to get it, while Cavanagh disposed his prisoners behind a couple of tables in the corner. "I guess you're in for a night of it," he remarked grimly, "so make yourselves as comfortable as you can. Perhaps your experience may be a discouragement to others of your kind."

Lee returned soon with a pot of fresh coffee and some sandwiches, the sight of which roused young Gregg to the impudent remark: "Well, notice that! And we're left out!" But Edwards shrank into the shadow, as if the light hurt him.

Ross thanked Lee formally, but there was more than gratitude in his glance, and she turned away to hide her face from other eyes. Strange place it was for the blooming of love's rose, but they were in her cheeks as she faced her mother, and Lize, with fresh acknowledgment of her beauty, broke out again: "Well, this settles it. I'm going to get out of this town, dearie. I'm done. This ends the cattle country for me. I ought to have turned you back the day you landed here."

The feet halted. A sharp rap sounded on the door.

"Who's there?" demanded Lize.

"The law!" replied a wheezy voice. "Open in the name of the law!"

"It's old Higley!," announced Lize. "Open the door, Ross."

"Come in, law," she called ironically as the justice appeared. "You look kind of nice-eaten, but you're all the law this blame town can sport. Come in and do your duty."

Higley (a tall man with a rusty brown beard, very much on his dignity) entered the room, followed by a short, bullet headed citizen in a rumpled blue suit with a big star on his breast. Behind on the sidewalk Ballard and a dozen of his gang could be seen. Sam Gregg, the moving cause of this resurrection of law and order, followed the constable. Higley opened upon Cavanagh. "Well, sir, what's all this row? What's your charge against these men?"

"Killing mountain sheep. I caught them with the head of a big ram upon their pack."

"Make him show his commission," shouted Gregg. "He's never been commissioned. He's no game warden."

Higley hummed. "Ah—oh, his authority is all right, Sam: I've seen it. If he can prove that these men killed the sheep we'll have to act."

Cavanagh briefly related how he had captured the men on the trail. "The head of the ram is at the livery barn with my horse."

"How about that?" asked Higley, turning to Joe.

"I guess that's right," replied the insolent youth. "We killed the sheep all right."

Higley was in a corner. He didn't like to offend Gregg, and yet the case was plain. He met the issue blandly. "Marshal, take these men into custody." Then to Ross: "We'll relieve you of your care, Mr. Cavanagh. You may appear tomorrow at 9."

It was a farcical ending to a very arduous thirty-six hour campaign, and Ross, feeling like a man who, having rolled a huge stone to the top of a hill, has been ordered to drop it, said, "I insist on the maximum penalty of the law, Justice Higley, especially for this man!" He indicated Joe Gregg.

"No more sneaking, Higley," added Lize, uttering words of distrust in blunt phrase. "You put these men through or I'll make you trouble."

Higley turned and with unsteady solemnity saluted. "Fear not my governess, madam," said he and so made exit.

After the door had closed behind them Cavanagh bitterly complained. "I've delivered my prisoners over into the hands of their friends. I feel like a fool. What assurance have I that they will ever be punished?"

"You have Higley's word," retorted Lize, with ironic inflection. "Higley fine 'em as much as $10 apiece and confiscate the head, which is worth fifty."

"No matter what happens now, you've done your duty," added Lee

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GET IT AT WALLACE'S

Virginia with intent to comfort him.

Lize, now that the stress of the battle was over, felt a tremble. "I reckon I'll have to go to bed," she admitted. "I'm all in. This night service is wearing."

She did indeed resemble the wreck of a woman as she let down her hair, and she turned away to hide her face from other eyes. Strange place it was for the blooming of love's rose, but they were in her cheeks as she faced her mother, and Lize, with fresh acknowledgment of her beauty, broke out again: "Well, this settles it. I'm going to get out of this town, dearie. I'm done. This ends the cattle country for me. I ought to have turned you back the day you landed here."

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E. J. POLLARD.
Editor and Proprietor

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Ontario Official Upon Market Tour

A keen sense of the desirability of obtaining first hand information on the methods of marketing of Canadian products overseas, and the opportunity of extending markets for products, as well as a knowledge of the best known co-operative system in the world, has led Hon. John Martin, Minister of Agriculture of the Ontario Government, to nominate two officials of his Department to accompany the first Canadian Farmers' Marketing Tour to Great Britain and Denmark organized by the Canadian National Railways.

The officials nominated by Hon. Mr. Martin are Messrs. Reg. S. Dorrell, Director of Ontario Agricultural Representatives of Ontario, and Frank C. Hart, (right) Director of Co-operation and Markets for the Ontario Department of Agriculture. In addition to these official representatives of the Government three of the County Agricultural Representatives will also join the tour. These are Messrs. H. A. Dorrance, County Agricultural Representative at Brantford; C. W. Buchanan, Agricultural Representative at Port Arthur, and A. P. MacVannell, Agricultural Representative at Picton.

The tour, which will include more than fifty agriculturists from all parts of Canada, will leave Halifax on Sunday, January 8th, by the S.S. "Lapland", of the Red Star Line, and will be a month or more in Britain and Denmark, where all the large marketing centres are to be visited, with conferences with marketing authorities, co-operative Marketing Board, etc., and with special investigation of co-operative systems in England and Denmark. The party is to be received by the Prince of Wales on January 30th and will be entertained by the London City Corporation; the Lord Mayor of London, the Lord Mayor of Liverpool, the Lord Mayor of Manchester and the Lord Mayor of Edinburgh.

A CHINESE LADY.

Dowager Tsu Hsi Was Accomplished Woman.

The Dowager Tsu Hsi, aunt of the late Dowager Empress of China, Yehonala, was a most accomplished woman, with exquisite manners, though she was never considered beautiful. When she was empress and thought it time for the late Emperor Kwang Su to marry she picked out some two hundred candidates from among the noble young ladies of the empire, and as a preliminary caused their horoscopes to be cast by the court astrologers. The result isseened the number to about a dozen, and these she invited to reside for a time at court, that she might study their characters and habits. At the end of the visit she sent home all except one, with every courtesy and many presents.

Yehonala remained as the bride-elect. She proved indeed a model wife for the young emperor, and preserved since her natural severity and simplicity while she complied with the utmost demands of the rigid imperial etiquette. Tsu Hsi often pointed her out to the members of the court as a model of deportment, and when children or young girls made their presentation bows too shyly, sulkily, or awkwardly, the old empress would turn with a smile, and ask Yehonala to bow and let them see how it should be done.

Neither empress would endure bad manners. Once, when a naughty little girl of five, instead of making the proper salutation, plumped down upon the palace floor and howled, the "Great Ancestress" waited patiently for the mother, a lady of high rank, to bring her back to good behaviour. When she failed to do so, and the culprit's tantrums showed no sign of abatement, Tsu Hsi ordered their immediate departure. The mother in tears stated that her majesty would not be offended with so small a sinner, and received the stern reply: "Do you think a person of intelligence could be offended with a baby? I do not blame her; I blame you, and pity her. You must teach your child the maxim of Confucius, that 'it is by the rules of propriety that character is established'."

A NECESSARY EVIL

Moneylenders' Act Comes Into Force In Britain—Good News For the Needy.

On January 1, the new Moneylenders' Act in Britain came into force. The bill had a somewhat chequered career; twice it passed through all stages in the House of Lords, but, owing to pressure of business in the House of Commons, failed to reach the Statute Book. It was only through the sustained efforts of certain disinterested persons and the Anti-Moneylending Association that it eventually became law.

The word "usury" always leaves an unpleasant taste in the mouth, and it used to be applied generally to all lending of money at interest. Under the laws of the ancient Greeks and Romans, borrowers became virtually the slaves of lenders, and, as a result, any form of interest-charging came to be regarded as a crime.

In mediaeval England the Jews did all the money-lending and were accordingly hated by the people, but they had the protection of the crown in return for the vast sums they were prepared to pay for carrying on their oppressive trade. They were given a special Jews' Exchequer. From time to time, however, public opinion forced the Jews from the country, and in 1235 the first usury law was passed.

Various attempts have been made to limit the rate of interest chargeable by moneylenders. In 1623 the limit was fixed at 8 per cent.; in 1651 at 6 per cent.; and in 1713 at 5 per cent. But all restraints were removed in 1854. An Act of 1892 forbade moneylenders to circularize infants, and an Act of 1900 made them register their business names and addresses. While imposing no limit on the rate of interest, this enabled the courts to grant relief in "unconscionable" bargains.

So the law remained until the end of 1927. The new Act says that, unless the contract is proved, a rate exceeding 48 per cent. (4 per cent. per month) must be considered "harsh and unconscionable." There is still, as you see, no absolute limit. In many poor districts women are in the habit of borrowing 1s. at a time and repaying 1s. 1d. at the end of a week. This gives a rate of 433 1-2 per cent. per annum. Is it "unconscionable." A rate of 3,000 per cent. is not unknown. In many foreign countries an absolute limit is in force—usually 5 or 6 per cent.

There are various other important provisions in the new act. Each moneylender must take out a license, costing £15 annually, which will only be granted when he has proved his good character before a magistrate. There are certain strict limitations to his advertising, and he must not employ canvassing agents or send out circulars. Every contract must be in writing and signed by the borrower. It must show clearly the rate of interest, and it is illegal to charge for "expenses."

It remains to be seen how far the Act will correct the moneylending evil. Some of the regulations should be of enormous benefit, but unfortunately moneylending must be recognized as a necessity, and it is useless to make the game not worth the candle. Last March there were 8,468 registered moneylenders, many of them carrying out respectable and legitimate transactions, and it may be that some of them, rather than submit to the indignity of applying to a police-court for a certificate, will go out of business.

Lord Haldane must have had something of this in his mind when he said he was afraid the Act would be more successful in extinguishing the good moneylender than the bad one. Let us hope he was wrong.

SCHUMANN'S TRICK.

Posed as Tutor to Peer, In Order to Play Piano.

How Robert Schumann, the composer, on one occasion in his younger and poorer days satisfied his craving to play the piano, is recounted by the Germania.

Schuman and the later famous writer, Willibald Alexis, were on a hike through the Rhine country, when one day Schumann felt an uncontrollable desire to play a piano. But the two wanderers did not know a soul, so they plodded on. Schumann's hankering for some music of his own making increasing with every step.

Tired and dusty they finally arrived in Frankfort-on-Main, where the budding composer promptly sought out the foremost firm of piano-forte dealers and introduced himself as tutor of an English lord for whom he had come to select a suitable piano, regardless of the price.

He was immediately shown the five best instruments in stock and for two hours Schumann played to his heart's content the classics and his own improvisations. Then he left with the promise to return in two days for the piano he had selected. It is a painful duty to record that for once the great composer did not keep his promise.

He Got His Price.

A Swiss farmer lately received an offer from two other men for one of his cows. The farmer asked a price of 1,250 francs, but the buyers were not willing to give more than 1,200. Whereupon the proprietor of the cow agreed to accept their terms, on the consideration that each of his children should be given five francs as a tip. The other men, amused at his simplicity, consented, and the bargain was concluded. The surprise of the buyers may be imagined, however, when they discovered that the wily farmer was the father of no fewer than fifteen children.

COSTLY CATHEDRALS.

Fortunes Required to Keep Famous Pages in Good Order.

Much discussion has been roused by the suggestion that Westminster Abbey should be enlarged. There is, however, a greater problem to be settled in connection with English Cathedrals, many of which are in a serious state of disrepair.

Canterbury is probably in the worst plight. Here the cathedral church requires an immediate expenditure of £100,000 for work which must be put in hand without delay. Even more serious sums of pounds more will have to be spent before the structure is in first-class condition.

York Minster is suffering from several complaints. Fifteen thousand pounds is necessary for window repair and preservation; £15,000 for the central tower; £15,000 for the roof and parapets of the choir and Lady Chapel; and £7,000 for the stonework of the nave. Thus the Dean and Chapter are faced with the task of finding the enormous sum of £59,000 without delay.

At Lincoln, Hereford, Wells, St. Albans, and Southwell, also, such fortunes must also be expended.

The trouble in connection with cathedral renovation is that almost as soon as one danger has been passed another presents itself.

At Durham, one of the most magnificent piles in Britain, more than £20,000 has been spent recently, but it is estimated that a similar sum will be required in twenty years' time. Thus £1,000 annually is the average cost of keeping Durham Cathedral in good order. A careful watch has to be kept for subsidence, as much depends upon the massive in that county, and the roof is liable to damage after every severe storm.

As a matter of fact, Westminster Abbey, which gets by far the most publicity when the question of fabric preservation crops up, is in the happiest position of all, as it has become for repair purposes from a capital sum of £170,000, raised by Dean Ryle in 1920, while about £51,000 has been invested since 1549, as well as several loans from the Ecclesiastical Commissioners.

CITY OF LONDON'S SCEPTRE.

Used by Lord Mayor at Coronations and Installations.

One of the most valued and treasured possessions of the City of London is the Crystal Mace—or, as it has been called for centuries, the Sceptre. It is only used by the Lord Mayor at coronations and the Mayor's chief magistrate is accorded high precedence among the notable of the land. It is brought out, with this exception, only once a year, for the ceremonies of November 8 on the installation of the new Lord Mayor. Of its age or history very little is known. It is 5 feet 3 inches in length, the shaft and knobs being of crystal, mounted in gold, and the head of gold is jewelled. This head is of Italian workmanship, and made of gold of a color slightly different from that which adorns the shaft. The curious way in which the crystal and the Italian gold band are set is found only in Byzantine work, and experts believe that the shaft is of Anglo-Saxon workmanship.

The mace which is carried daily before the Lord Mayor is 5 feet 3 inches long. It is of silver gilt, and dates from 1844, in the reign of four known predecessors. In 1354 Edward III. gave a charter granting "the Sorjeants appointed to bear the maces in our said City to be two to carry them "of gold or silver, or silvered or garnished, with the sign of our arms, or others, everywhere in the said City and in the suburbs of the same," or in "foreign places and without the City," "just as our own Serjeants - at - Arms attending our presence do bear the same maces." These maces, it was conceded, might be carried in the presence of the King or his family. But this charter, like all the others granted by conceded what had long been exercised as a right. In 1838 there is a record of the appointment of a mace-bearer, and in the year from the document making that appointment that the office was not then newly created. As early as 1252 there were serjeants who carried "staves" of some kind.

London's Own Poets.

The City of London is a birthplace of English poets. Chaucer was born there, in Thames street, and with him English poetry. And after him, in the little list of less than a dozen names of great writers who were born in the City, all but two are poets. Those two are Defoe, first and greatest of journalists, and Lamb, most beautiful of essayists and wisest of critics. And when we turn to the poets what a rare list it is! Chaucer, Spenser, Milton, Keats, Herrick, Gray, Cowley, and Hood.

Is there such another Athens which can match that list? Yet the City gave those poets birth and has almost forgotten it. They were the sons of trades-folk and the ordinary trades of her markets. Chaucer's father was a wine-merchant and tavern-keeper, Milton's and Gray's were clerks, Spenser's a tailor, Lamb's a bookkeeper of a livery-stable, Herrick's a goldsmith, Cowley's a stationer, Hood's a bookseller.

India Has the Most Cholera.

India has had more deaths from Asiatic cholera than all the rest of the world put together, according to reports just issued by the health section of the League of Nations, says Science Service. The total for 1926, the last year for which these are published, was 1,000,000, with 800,000 deaths, a figure soaring high above that of all other countries from which reports are received or can be estimated.

American Tourist Traffic.

A recent report issued by the Secretary of Commerce of the United States Government at Washington estimated the American tourist traffic into Canada as representing $200,000,000 of the $761,000,000 spent by Americans in foreign countries for the year.

New Scallop Beds.

Two new scallop beds have been discovered off the coast of Nova Scotia, near Digby. It is stated that they are the largest yet discovered in the waters off the coast of this province.

WITCHCRAFT AND MAGIC.

Gypsy Woman in England Recently Sentenced for Fraud.

A gypsy woman was recently sentenced at Bodmin, England, for obtaining money by false pretenses from a gardener of St. Mowes, Cornwall, by telling him that he was "ill-wished." A second count against her was that she "did unlawfully pretend to exercise a certain kind of witchcraft, sorcery or enchantment."

There are still, writes a London News representative, certain parts of the countryside where belief in fairies, and magic, both black and white, persists. I was told of a landlady in Yorkshire who solemnly assured a visitor that her husband had died of an "ill-wish," and there are districts of Cornwall where many stories of the "pixies" are told. You can still hear tales of how they have tried to push wanderers by night over the cliffs, or have got among the milk churns and turned the contents sour.

Not long ago Miss Sylvia Townsend Warner, who wrote "Lolly Willowes," a fantasy in which a spinster becomes a witch, said: "The general impression is that witchcraft has died out, but anyone who knows the West Country well knows that practically every village has its witch and that the villagers firmly believe in her."

Miss Warner stated, however, that the Bodmin case seemed just one of many where money has been obtained in this way, and did not appear to pay much attention to the claims of so-called witches.

Dr. J. P. Crone, who was for seven years president of the Irish Literary Society, told a curious story of how witchcraft was dying out, even in the remotest corners of Ireland. "Education," he said, "has practically killed it, and probably will in the end."

From abroad, however, instances of a belief in witchcraft still come fairly frequently. Early in 1927 ten people in a curious sect, attacked the priest of the little village of Bourbon some thirty miles from Paris, were sentenced for assault. They had beaten the priest, whom they accused of putting a spell on one of their members. In August a report came from Milan that peasants in a village near Cosenza had been under the spell of a witch for several months. They lived on food prepared by the witch and took mysterious philtres.

In Galdo, a village near Naples, last September, the police arrested an old woman who had for years practiced "magic" and claimed to cure desperate diseases.

FASHIONS IN FISH.

Whale, Sturgeon, and Porpoise Were Regarded as Royal Fish.

The scientists who have just returned from the Antarctic in the famous Discovery—after two years' investigation into the secrets of the whale's life—have been more interested in what the whale eats than in the whale itself as an article of food. Yet, at one time in England, the flesh of the whale commanded a luxury and always appeared in the menus at royal banquets.

The whale, the sturgeon, and the porpoise, which, in fact, remain royal fish, to which private individuals had no right except by special grant from the Crown. Even then a portion was often reserved for the king.

The tongue of the porpoise, like caviare, was considered a special delicacy, and when Henry I. whose death from a surfeit of lampreys shows him to have been an epicure where fish was concerned—granted the Bishop of London the right to all porpoises taken on his territory, he specially excepted "the tongue, which I have retained for myself."

The whale and the porpoise are not the only fish which have been eclipsed by the vagaries of taste. The herring, too, which is said to be now appearing in fewer numbers, was in early days considered too cheap a dish to set before a king. The city of Norwich used to tender annually to the king, on the twenty-four days of the first fresh herrings of the season.

The oyster, "for whose sake some say Caesar accomplished British," fell into disfavor in the Middle Ages and was not considered so good as the now despised mussel and whelk. Latin, in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, the Selsey cockle had the first place as the choicest of shellfish.

Gentlemen Prefer Blondes.

When Anita Loos told the world that gentlemen preferred blondes, everybody believed her. Perfectly happy husbands with perfectly beautiful wives of the darker variety began to doubt whether they were not abnormal in choosing dark partners.

Whilst what blondes were reading "Miss Loos' witty book scientists were discussing the report of an investigation on the effect of color on the emotions. The result of those experiments showed that women preferred red to a much greater extent than any other color, although it revealed that men preferred green to a greater extent than women do. Blue, it was found, was the favorite color with both.

But even this method of discovering which color helps a man to make his choice is not the last word, because forty years ago the proportion of every 1,000 are color-blind or partially color-blind.

To Study Yellow Fever.

A despatch from Accra, on the British Gold Coast, Africa, says that Prof. Noguchi, Japanese scientist, has arrived there. The professor will devote himself to the study of yellow fever, a disease that has ravaged the dark continent for generations. Prof. Noguchi is a member of the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research. He is the discoverer of a bacteria-free vaccine for smallpox, and of the causative micro-organisms of infantile paralysis.

A Welsh Name.

Llanfairpwllgwyngyllogerychyrrad robwellandysalliogogogoch is the name of a small town in Wales. Literally translated, it means "Church of St. Mary in a hollow of white hazel near a rapid whirlpool and near St. Tysilio's Church, which is near a red cave."

GET IT AT
WALLACE'S

LEPERS IN BR. AFRICA

TRAVELLER SAYS THERE ARE SIXTY THOUSAND.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Oldreive Journeyed From Cairo to Cape Town and Found Large Numbers of Sufferers Wherever They Went.

With a view to personally investigating conditions with regard to leprosy, Mr. Frank Oldreive, secretary of the British Empire Leprosy Relief Association, recently completed a journey through Africa.

The following interesting account of his travels was recorded in the London Times:—

I have just finished a long trip from Cairo to Cape Town looking for lepers. Starting from Cairo my wife and I travelled by steamer, then by the Nile through to Sudan to Uganda, in which Protectorate we motored about 1,000 miles. Then on to Kenya, and right through that wonderful country to the coast, where we took steamer to Zanzibar. Thence we went via Dare-Salaam and Beira to Nyasaland.

After that we visited Northern Rhodesia and Southern Rhodesia, and we had a long tour through South Africa, visiting all the leper institutions in the Union. The journey took seven months, and we travelled, in Africa and along the coast, 2,874 miles by steamer, and 3,650 miles by motor car, and 9,240 miles by rail; 15,764 miles in all.

We found lepers wherever we went, that is to say, in every British territory in East and Central Africa they are to be found in varying numbers. In addition to the large place of lepers in British Colonies and Protectorates in East and Central Africa at about 60,000. Great Britain is entirely responsible for these poor sick sufferers. All classes in the community are afflicted with the disease, a well-to-do chief in Uganda ending eventually for treatment to a doctor, and the Governor of Nyasaland told me about a chief whom he knew well who has been a leper for many years.

The majority of the lepers, however, are found among the villagers, and it is often difficult to reach them, for, as is well known, the word Leprosy, of course, spreads more rapidly where sanitary and ordinary health conditions are not good, but these matters are being attended to by the health authorities, and the general health of the community will tend to improve as time passes. At present in many parts the natives do not realize that anything can be done to help the lepers.

Compulsory segregation does little good, as it invariably results in the early cases of leprosy hiding themselves for fear of being sent away to an institution.

The medical authorities in South Africa are to be warmly complimented on the action that they have taken during the last five years in reducing many cases of people who have been in the institutions in South Africa for years, and whom the doctors have now pronounced to be non-infective.

Within four years nearly 1,000 of these cases have been released, and 150 more are expected to a number of lepers voluntarily coming forward for treatment. Segregation on a large scale was undertaken by the German Government, but this, beyond placing some 3,500 lepers in more than forty camps, little was done for them either in the way of proper food supplies or medical attention.

The message we have delivered wherever we have been is that there is now hope for many of the leper cases if they will take the latest treatments. These injection treatments are being used with success in many parts of East Africa, but so far only about 5,500 lepers are being cared for, out of the 60,000 who need help. Excellent work is being done, especially by missionary doctors, in some of the places we visited.

The most pressing need is for the establishment of more leper asylums, where lepers will voluntarily settle for a time. Such centres already exist in the Southern Sudan, in Uganda, in Nyasaland, in Kenya, in Zanzibar, and, most of all, in Nyasaland. Good work is also being done in Rhodesia. Government medical officers are keeping up hope, the hopefulness of the situation, and if funds are available for Government and missionary work there is no reason why the terrible disease of leprosy should not be treated within the next year or two.

During our tour we saw many wonders of nature, but the most lasting impression is of sad marked faces, of broken and bent bodies of hoarse and sorrowful voices, and those we saw and heard wherever we went. Especially does one remember the child lepers.

I know what the Prince of Wales felt when he met, as after visiting the big leper institution in Basutoland, "I shall never forget the marred faces of the boys and girls." His Royal Highness is the patron of our British Empire Leprosy Relief Association.

I have no doubt whatever that if the right steps are taken, as I believe they will be, concludes Mr. Oldreive, as a result of our tour, leprosy can be eradicated from all parts of British East and Central Africa. But a large sum of money will be required if this splendid object is to be achieved.

Kings.

An Old Country class had been asked to write an essay on kings, and this is what one sent in:

"The greatest King on earth is Wor-king; the laziest, Shir-king; the wittiest, Jo-king; the quietest, Thin-king; the illustrative, Sig-king; the civil, Win-king, and the noisiest, Tal-king."

Bore Deeper for Oil.

Improved methods of deep drilling below productive oil sands will disclose, in many areas, deposits of oil not hitherto available and it will be tantamount to the discovery of new fields, the Marland committee on conservation, appointed by the American Petroleum Institute, declared in its report.

Improved methods of producing have been perfected, it added, which will make possible recovery of, oil from these lower sands; the limit of deep drilling had not been reached.

WHERE DIVORCE IS EASY.

Australia and New Zealand Have Easy Codes.

In England and Wales there is one ground only for divorce—namely, misconduct. Since 1923 both wives and husbands may claim divorce on this single pretext, without proof of other ill-treatment.

Conversely, no extent of cruelty or desertion entitles either partner to divorce unless adultery be proved.

England's nearest neighbor, Scotland, has a slightly more liberal code, wilful desertion or "non-adherence" for a period of four years having, since 1573, been recognized as sufficient ground for legally terminating a marriage.

The Dominions have not slavishly followed the English model, but have experimented freely in the direction of easier divorce.

In Cape Colony and Natal desertion, if prolonged, apart from evidence of infidelity, is a sufficient ground; in Cape Colony the imprisonment of a husband under a life-sentence entitles the wife to a decree.

The easiest divorce codes within the Empire, however, are those of Australia and New Zealand, with the exception of South Australia, which follows the English model.

In the other Australian states, and in New Zealand, desertion merely, but habitual drunkenness, repeated cruelty, and lengthy imprisonment rank with misconduct as grounds of divorce.

To these extended grounds Victoria has added insanity, and New Zealand three years' continuous separation.

In the principal European countries there are similar variations, although, except where the influence of the Roman Catholic Church is paramount, the legal grounds of divorce are usually wider than in England. In France cruelty alone entitles the wife to a decree, and one act of ill-treatment be of a physical kind. Persistent abuse or defamation of character has been held sufficient.

In Germany malicious desertion, incurable insanity after three years, and habitual drunkenness are among the grounds of divorce, also violent ill-treatment and imprisonment for crime.

In Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Hungary, Austria, Portugal, Italy, Brazil, but not Spain, the Netherlands, and several Balkan States the divorce laws are in broad outline similar to those of Germany and France.

Cross in the Heart of a Tree.

When deer plunged through the brakes of Epping Forest and old St. Paul's in Epping Town was a day's journey away some forester, or perhaps some wandering pilgrim, carved a Maltese Cross in the bark of a young beech.

For hundreds of years the cross remained hidden. The stripling beech grew to a big tree. The forester or pilgrim was forgotten. Then was he who had carved the cross) passed on, and memory generations followed him.

Then, when the twentieth century had been running 27 years, the long life of the tree came to an end. The sad day came when it was to be cut down. A noble tree it was, four feet through.

It had seen vast changes in the world. The man who has now chopped it down, a citizen of Greater London who can reach St. Paul's, which Sir Christopher Wren had built long after the slim beech was planted, can hear from the garden in which where the tree grew—a change that would have astounded the planter of the tree. In cutting up the old beech the woodman found, planted in its heart, the Maltese Cross.

Oldest Railway.

What is the oldest railway in the world?

Most people would probably say the old Stockton and Darlington Railway, but this is wrong, says an Old Engineer. The honor of the Railway at Swansea, which is now being electrified, was opened in 1807. True, it didn't employ locomotives—for the first seven years of its existence its trains were horse-drawn. But it claims to be the world's senior railway.

We count in "private" railways or tramways, built to carry coal, iron, and so on, even the Mumbles Railway is an infant, however. Lines in Wales take back to the seventeenth century.

It was in Wales—at Pen-y-darran ironworks, near Merthyr Tydvil, that the first steam locomotive made its appearance on a railway. This was Trevithick's invention, and it carried five wagons, ten tons of iron, and seventy men nine and a half miles at nearly five miles an hour in February, 1804.

Airplanes as Policemen.

To how many uses can airplanes be put? Most people think of them only as a quick means of transport for passengers and mails, or for use in warfare. Actually more than one hundred and fifty different services are rendered by airplanes.

They are employed in pursuing and capturing law-breakers, discovering violators of the smoke nuisance laws, and for photographing eclipses of the sun.

River traffic, dredging works, and tides and currents are studied from flying machines, while they are also used in mining, agriculture, exploration, sport, architecture, fishing forestry, and scientific research.

6,000 Miles In 85-Foot Yawl.

An adventurous voyage of 6,000 miles in a 35-foot yawl and a 25-foot yawl is being undertaken by two young men of Auckland, New Zealand. They started from port with the intention of covering the distance at their leisure and occupying their time with shall and pearl fishing. As the small craft has no engine her speed will be regulated entirely by the wind.

An "Ultra-Whistle."

German police are using an amazing new device to aid in tracking down criminals—an "ultra-whistle" that surmounts police dogs without giving the faintest audible sound to warn the fugitive. The sound wave it emits is of more than 40,000 vibrations a second—making high-pitched for the human ear to hear, but the dog's sensitive ear, it is said, detects and understands it.

A Norwegian girl of 19 has a master's certificate entitling her to the command of steamers up to 250 tons.

ONE HUNDRED A MINUTE

WONDER MACHINES TURN OUT $60,000,000 COINS A YEAR.

Experts Speak Very Highly of New Silver Coins Turned Out by British Mint—Heaps and Heaps of Them for Distribution.

Scores of thousands of pieces of money lay in tube placed about a yard apart down a long room at the British Mint, and forty-four machines were adding to the gleaming piles at the rate of 100 a minute, writes Howard Armstrong in Answers. They were the new silver coins.

A workman stood at each machine for the purpose of feeding it with its raw material in the shape of circular pieces of metal. The little discs were placed along on a sort of endless band until they reached a certain spot, when they were gripped by a steel collar. Simultaneously, the two sides of the coin were stamped by dies above and below, and in addition the edges were milled.

It is impossible for an ordinary person to watch unmoved this spectacle of money literally pouring forth all round him, and his first thought is of the mental suffering there must be among the workmen who have to spend their days among all this wealth meant for other people.

As a matter of fact, they require no sympathy. To them—so familiar are they with money-making (in this form)—these coins are no more than short buttons.

Trade here have been cases in which temptation has proved too strong. But although 300,000,000 coins are made at the mint each year, dishonesty is almost unknown. All the same, the authorities take precautions. From beginning to end of the process of making a coin, there is an elaborate system of check and counter-check.

The stamping machines probably impress the greatest interest by how they give the finishing touch to the coins; but the Mint is full of interesting machinery and processes. First, one sees how the metal, lying about in peculiarly shaped blocks.

Bronze, silver, and the various alloys are all wheeled on trucks into a huge room containing about sixty gas furnaces, each a roaring white mass. In these the metal is placed and reduced to a liquid.

Then, by means of a travelling crane, the white-hot vessel containing the molten metal is lifted out of the furnace, and the contents poured into moulds. Here they quickly solidify, and the result is slabs of metal ready for making into money.

We next see the metal in the form of long bars. These are passed through pressing machines again and again, until they are of the exact thickness required for coins. Before being cut out in the spirals, and some out at the other end duly softened, and even cooled down by means of a clever device.

Workmen then throw the coins into large revolving barrels into which strong acids are sprayed, and in a few minutes they assume that new silver appearance with which the public is familiar. In this department the men wear rubber boots, for the acids lying on the floor are so powerful that leather would be destroyed almost immediately.

The shining metal discs are now ready for the fascinating stamping machine. But one must see the machine their work the Mint has not finished with the coins. There is the counting process to be gone through.

Special machines are provided for this. They pass the coins through an indicator, and so into the usual type of money-bags, which are marked with the value they contain.

The commoner kinds of coins such as pennies and halfpence are now ready for the banks, but before silver and gold coins are allowed to leave the premises they are put through severe final tests for weight and thickness.

The machines utilized for these tests are wonders of skill and delicacy. They first weigh the coins, and then sort them into three compartments according to size. In addition, too thick into another, and correct into a third. The rejected are scrapped, and the whole process of making begins afresh.

All coins are made in the same way. The lordly sovereign receives no different treatment from that given to the humble halfpenny, except, of course, in regard to dies and one or two small details. But to-day the sovereign is almost as much of a curiosity as the penny that is in the pockets of the public.

Knife Plays a Tune.

A gold, pearl and enamel knife which plays a tune when picked up was bequeathed to the Victoria and Albert Museum of London by Charles Gregg-Carr, a wealthy Shropshire squire. The knife was once the property of Queen Marie Antoinette.

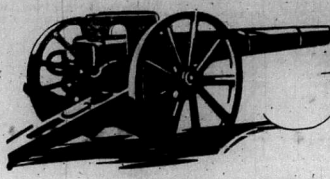
"Lest We Forget."

Containing the names of nearly 50,000 Irishmen who fell in the Great War, a set of eight volumes, beautifully printed on hand-made paper, has been presented to St. Anne's Cathedral, Belfast, by the Committee of the Irish National War Memorial.

Selling Steamship Line.

Owing to heavy losses, the Australian Government has decided to sell the Commonwealth Shipping Line. In 1926 the Line operated at a loss of £595,000.

C.D.S.L. Million Dollar Stock Reducing Sale Laid Down on Opening Days



A BARRAGE OF BARGAINS

That Completely Shattered All Previous Records for Sales at This Store

While hundreds have shopped advantageously—There are still hundreds and hundreds of Bargains equally as desirable—Equally as attractive—Equally as advantageous. This is your opportunity and we want each and every customer to have their full share—while stocks hold out.

YES, THANK YOU, OUR MILLION DOLLAR SALE HAS STARTED WITH A RUSH

That has brought results unprecedented in the history of this store. Sale continues throughout the month of January. Come with the crowds and save as you spend.

We are Keeping the Kettle Boiling in this Sale

Beside the hundreds of money saving bargains that we have advertised for this Sale, we have prepared ten super-extraordinary bargains—one for each of the first ten days of the Sale. Here are the remaining "plums" for Thursday, Friday, Saturday and Monday.

To share in these you must be on hand promptly when the doors swing open each morning.

EVERYTHING IN THE STORE REDUCED

There is no alternative—stocks in our 22 stores must be converted into one million dollars in cash this month. Our share here is $20,000. To raise this large amount of money we have cut prices to the quick. Reductions range from 10 to 50 per cent. and in many cases the savings are even greater.

EVERY DRESS IN THE STORE REDUCED

MANY CARRY REDUCTIONS AS HIGH AS FIFTY PER CENT.

Featured are dresses for wearing from morning till bed-time. Gowns taken from regular stocks—chosen by us because regularly they represented the best value we could find in all Canada. Now they are all drastically reduced. Choose evening dresses, afternoon dresses, sport dresses, business dresses, morning dresses.

Every fashionable style is here.
Every authentic color is here.
Sizes for everyone.

SEVERAL ATTRACTIVE WEAVES IN WASH GOODS REDUCED TO HALF PRICE

REG. PRICES 48c. to $1.50—RED. PRICES 24 to 75c.

Here's a splendid chance for women who like to start their spring sewing in January. Featured are materials in the popular and fashionable weaves of plain and figured voiles, plain broadcloths, plain mulls, novelty celanese.

Choose from a splendid list of colorings.

BRIEF BROADCASTS OF BIG BARGAINS!

Men's Penman 95 combinations, reg. $4.50	$3.75
Men's Penman 95, 2-piece, reg. $5.00 suit	3.90
Men's Flannelette Pyjamas, reg. $2.50 suit	1.95
Men's silk 4-in-hand neckwear, reg. $1.00	49
Stanfield's Gold Label Underwear, reg. $2 garment	1.50
Plain grey, mixed tweed and worsted Trousers, reg. $5.00	3.95
20 Men's Tweed and Worsted Suits, reg. $15 to $20	10.00
6 Men's velvet collared Overcoats, plain grey, reg. $25.00	15.00
18 Boys' Tweed Bloomer Suits, sizes to 36, reg. to $10.00	5.00
Men's Linen Handkerchiefs, reg. 25c	3 for 59c.
Juvenile Overcoats, sizes 21-26, reg. to $5.95	3.95
Boys' heavy Sweater Coats, reg. $2.50	1.69
Men's fancy border lawn handkerchiefs, reg. 20c.	3 for .45
36 pairs Tweed Trousers, reg. to $4.00	2.95
$17.95 to $21.95 Tweed Overcoats for men	12.50
$27.50 and $25 Fancy Tweed and Worsted Suits	17.50
Men's fine Worsted Suits, reg. to $37.50	26.95
Boys' Tweed Bloomer Suits, reg. to $12.00	6.95
Reg. $1.50 and $2.00 Union Flannel Work Shirts	1.09

On Sale for One Day Only
Thursday, Jan. 12th
Not Shoe Polish---But Dress Materials---Two in One

Buy a Dress Length and we will give you Another one of Equal Value--Free of Charge

In this unique 'Two for One' sale we offer a rare assortment of fabrics, colors and values. Featured are materials in silk, silk and cotton mixtures and all wool. This feature event offers an advantageous opportunity to purchase two dresses for the price of one. Your pet weave is here and in your favorite color.

Regular prices range from 75c. right up to $4.50 per yard.

Two Dresses For the Price of One

On Sale for One Day Only
Friday, Jan. 13th
Blue Pencil This Bargain

20 Separate Skirts in Women's and Misses' Sizes Original Values Were up to $10.00 each

To "Cash" in on this splendid feature event, you'll have to shop early. Skirts are in waist-band style in plain and novelty pleated effects.

Materials are Flannels, Wool Crepes and Novelties, stressing plain, plaid and stripe patterns.

On Sale at $1.00 Each

On Sale for One Day Only
Saturday, Jan. 14th
A Clear Saving of 29 cents pair

Six Dozen All Wool Cashmere Hose to Clear Regular 79 cent Quality

This is a splendid winter weight stocking, is knit from pure wool yarns that possess a soft pleasing finish. Choose from shades of Zinc, Desert, Almond and Black. Sizes 8½ to 11. Buy your requirements for next year. This value is non-surpassable.

On Sale at 50c. Pair

On Sale For One Day Only
Monday, January 16th
Underscore This Item on Your Shopping List

30 Heavy Military Flannel Top Shirts for Men A Regular $2.50 Value

In regulation coat style, with full yoke shoulders, double sewn seams, extra length sleeves. A shirt especially built to give service and satisfaction.

In shades of Grey and Olive Khaki. Sizes 14½ to 17.

On Sale at $1.75 Each

Canadian Department-Stores Limited

PERSONALS

(All our readers are cordially invited to hand in, or send in, any news they may have for this column).

Miss Mildred Brown returned to Toronto on Wednesday last.

Master Jim Daly returned to Toronto on Monday to resume his studies.

Mr. Arthur Wagar has returned to Montreal, after spending the holidays with his mother.

Miss Winnie Chinneck, Belleville, spent a few days last week with friends in Napanee.

Miss Margaret Daly, who has been spending the holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Daly, has returned to Toronto.

Miss Vera Shorey, Utica, N.Y., is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Canfield Shorey.

Mr. Bogert Wilson, Oba, Ont., is holidaying with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Wilson.

Mrs. T. D. Smeath has returned to Boston to resume her studies at Harvard.

Miss Gladys Bush, London, spent a few days last week with her mother, South Napanee.

Miss Mary Daly has returned to New York after spending the holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Daly.

Mr. W. A. Reid, manager of the Bank of Montreal, at Yarker, is spending two months' holidays in Florida.

Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Roblin, Adolphustown, are staying in Napanee for the winter.

Mrs. U. J. Flasch, of Renfrew, is spending a couple of weeks with friends in Napanee.

Mr. Ross Archer, Rouyn, Que., spent New Year's with his family in town.

Mr. Harry Schermerhorn was was taken to Kingston General Hospital on Monday morning for an operation for appendicitis.

Miss Florence Kirkpatrick spent the week-end with Mr and Mrs. Wm. Canning, Belleville.

Mr. Reg. Wiseman spent the week-end in Toronto.

Rev. W. D. P. Wilson, Belleville, spent the week-end with friends in Napanee.

Sheriff Vandervoort is attending a convention of the Sheriffs of Ontario at the Parliament Buildings, Toronto.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Gilling, nee Edith Hodgson, Peterboro, Ont., spent Christmas with Mr. and Mrs. Manson Stevens.

Mr. Russell Stevens, Detroit, Mich., spent the holidays with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Manson Stevens.

Miss Madeline Stevens, who has been convalescing for the past two months at "Boxwood Cottage," with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Manson Stevens, returned on Saturday to her position with the Michigan Bell Telephone Co., Detroit, Mich.

DEATHS

Gray—At Richmond, on Thursday, Jan. 5th, 1928, Mrs. Debbie Gray, aged 82 years, 3 months.

Plumley—At Toronto, on Wednesday, Jan. 4th, 1928, Isaac Plumley, formerly of Napanee, aged 57 years.

Pringle—At Richmond, on Friday, Jan. 6th, 1928, Minerva Pringle, aged 75 years, 9 months.

Luffman—At Midland, Ont., on Thursday, Dec. 29th, 1927, Agnes Abrams, beloved wife of Nathan Luffman, aged 48 years. Deceased was a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Peter Abrams, Napanee.

One of the Napanee golf enthusiasts played a round of golf on the Napanee grounds on Sunday—not bad for January.

The death of Mr. Shirley Lewis, a prominent farmer of Richmond township, was a shock to the whole community. Deceased contracted pneumonia and was ill but a few days, passing away on Monday evening. Besides his sorrowing wife, he leaves four small children to mourn his loss, also several brothers and sisters. The funeral took place on Wednesday in St. Patricks Church, Napanee. Sincere sympathy is expressed for the bereaved family.

SCHOOL ON WHEELS.

Newspaper Endorses Move of Ontario Government and C.P.R.

The experiment of taking a school house to children in the northern part of the Province of Ontario where the population is sparse, as recently entered into by the Canadian Pacific Railway Company and the Ontario Government has created considerable interest in the older sections of the province, as well as in the newer districts. The Ottawa Journal in an editorial thus describes the school car system of education:

"To furnish this pioneer service, the C. P. R. has transformed a railway car into a schoolhouse, and further undertakes its movement from place to place, while the Ontario Department of education co-operates to the extent of paying the teacher's salary and providing and maintaining the scholastic equipment.

"The car constitutes a veritable little country school in every respect. The actual schoolroom, which occupies the greatest space, is complete for its functions in all particulars, with twelve desks and seats of varying sizes, blackboards, roller maps, a globe and well-filled book-cases. There is a full kindergarten equipment, a small victrola, and first-aid kit. Adjoining the schoolroom is the teacher's bedroom, for he travels continually with the train, and beyond that is the kitchen. This latter is equipped with everything from a refrigerator to the regulation cook stove of a dining-car.

"The teacher is bilingual, speaking English and French with equal facility, and has been specially selected for his experience in the ungraded schools of the province. His pupils are the children of families in this rugged section which could not be otherwise reached: prospectors, lumbermen, trappers, etc.

"The school car moves from place to place, spending a certain number of days at each, or moving to pick up scholars. It ought to do good work."

—o—

Windshield and car door glass any size, at A. E. PAUL'S. 34

CANADIAN WOMEN'S WORK

BY LUCINDA.

"Grandmother's Day" has become an established feature of the Women's Institute programs, but sometimes when we read an account of a meeting at which the grandmothers have been honored guests, we wonder if the best has been taken from what these honored guests have to give. Miss Appelbe is the provincial chairman of the committee on Historical Research and Miss M. H. MacGuigan, Elgin, is in charge of the work in Eastern Ontario. Both these ladies are doing excellent work and are storing up a fund of information that will be invaluable. That a knowledge of and a pride in the history of our country will go far towards developing a nationality consciousness, was stressed by Prov. D. A. MacArthur, professor of history at Queen's University and president of the Kingston Historical Society at the first annual convention of sub-division 3, of the Women's Institutes of Eastern Ontario held in Kingston. Miss MacGuigan spoke of the research going on in Leeds and the fascinating work of tracing the history of the farms of the district, undertaken by the Elgin W. I. Here is a way the grandmothers of the neighborhood can be of use. May we suggest that a discussion between the older ladies on the difference between the life on the farm today and the rural life when they were girls form part of the program. It would bring out many interesting facts. In some ways the older generation had the best of it, although they had to face difficulties that their grand daughters would consider hardships. We don't want to go back to the old days, but we want to treasure their memories and its only while the men and women who know are with us, that we can get their true story and realize what life in rural Canada was like half a century or three-quarters of a century ago. Exhibits of the gowns worn by the girls, who looked so pretty in their full skirts, old utensils, antique furniture and pictures, will be of interest and old letters may tell of days that have been forgotten, but will be of value to the historian.

The bird lovers in town and country are feeding their little friends on the cold stormy days, and some of the younger ones may not know just what to give the birds they love. In the first place don't give them soaked bread for if the bread is wet it will freeze in their crops and kill them. If you have the end of a loaf throw it out as it is, rather than break it up for the crumbs are lost in the snow and the wise little guests at your table can take what they want from the larger piece and leave some for the next comers. If you are preparing a feast for our Canadian birds who stay with us all winter, such as the downy woodpecker, the nuthatch and the gay little black-eyed chickadee, whose hoarse voice can be heard on the coldest mornings in the woods or gardens, get some sunflower seeds and arrange a shelf with a top to keep off the snow and set your food there. You can get some nuts and mix them with suet fat heated. Spread the mixture on a shelf, on better still on a tree trunk. "Lucinda" once tied a piece of suit to the railing of her balcony and the woodpeckers and nuthatches used to visit it even in a snow storm. The suet is not much effected by frost and the birds with long bills can get a fine feast.

A lady who is a reader of this column and a motorist, made a suggestion regarding the women making money from the tourists. "If on a stand at one of the gasoline stations or in some convenient place, the motorist could buy little pots of jam, fresh home-made buns and bread and cold buttermilk, most of use would be glad to do so." She went on to say that in June the wild strawberries are ripe and could be made into jam in small pots for the summer trade. When asked about the tea rooms she said that the tourist was rather wary of tea rooms unless he had a big purse, because the prices charged for simple fare were excessive.

To those interested in rural problems, as everyone in Canada should be, whether they live in the city or the country, the convention of the dairymen of Eastern Canada held in Kingstn during the first week in January, was full of inspiration. That the farm was a place where men and women working together could reap a reward for their labors and that the young people might go to school and college and then come back to make farming a success, was shown by the various speakers. But one speaker had a grievance and said that often it was the mother who wanted the children to leave the farm to "get better pay." He contended that a well run farm was a paying concern and another speaker said that if a farmer put as much care and business into his farm as a merchant did into his shop, the farm would pay. That the farmyard should be clan and well kept was another point stressed. "Not a Queen Anne front and a Mary Anne back."

Why not have a music and art club in your community? Kingston is astonishing itself and the surrounding country by the wonderful growth of its club started in September and now boasting a membership of over nine hundred. Some of the members are in Napanee and some in Gananoque, and others within motoring distance in the country. Several concerts have been given by noted artists, for which the members of the Art and Music Club get a much cheaper ticket. The English Singers came before Christmas and on Jan. 10th Madame Elly Ney, a celebrated Polish pianist, will give a recital. The members are now arranging a handicraft exhibit and the art section will show some fine pictures from "The Grange", Toronto. Perhaps in your community you cannot do things on such a large scale, but it is worth trying.

"Something hot for tea" is a worry to many mothers. Try this recipe: Cut small pieces of steak and kidney. Put in a bowl with an inch or so of cooked rice on top to keep the meat juice in and cover with a piece of greased paper. Steam for about three hours. Turn onto a hot dish with the meat in the centre and the rice around it. If you like curry, add it to the gravy.

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